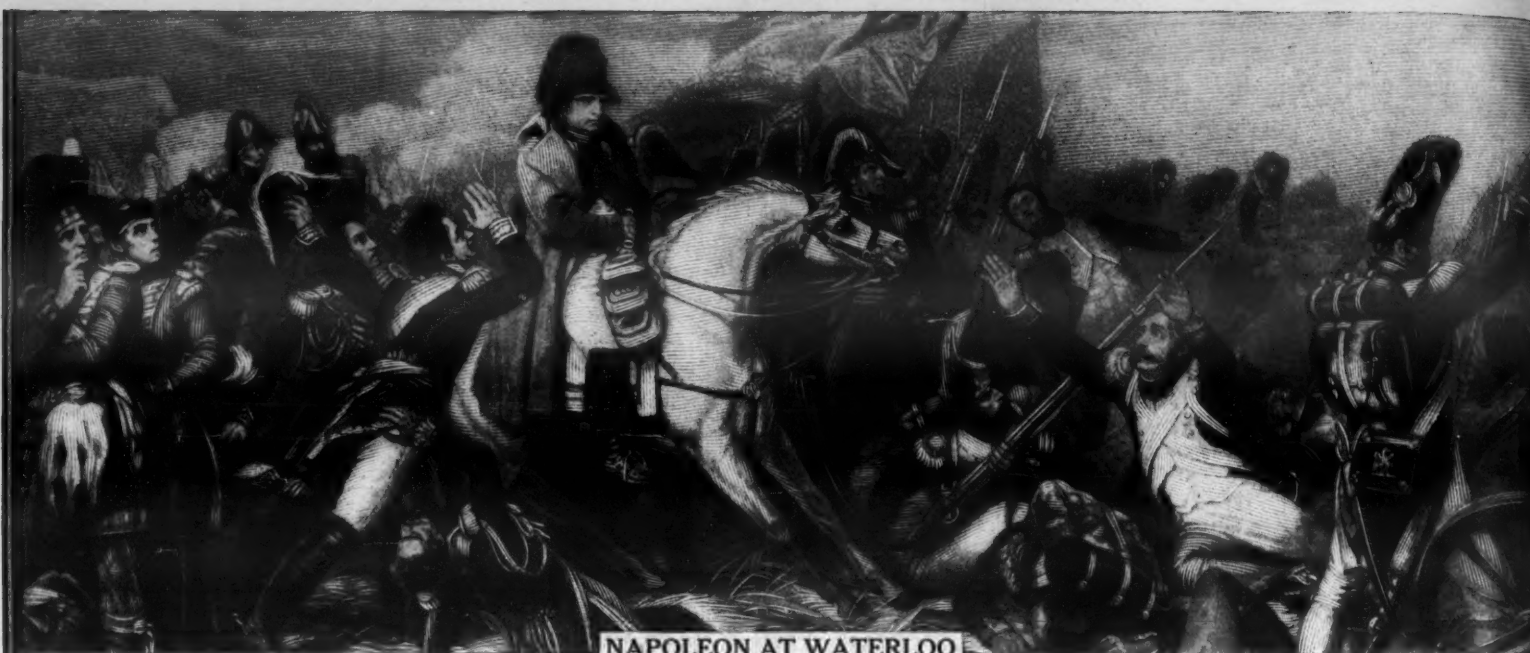


Collier's



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

FICTION NUMBER FOR NOVEMBER



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO

NAPOLEON'S name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal. The Battle of Waterloo was his last stand against the combined armies of Europe. The hour of his destiny has come, yet he sits unmoved, unscrutable, imperturbable, determined to conquer, or perish with the men who so long have formed the bulwark of his empire. This famous picture from Ridpath's History is but ONE of the TWO THOUSAND famous paintings in the complete work and serves to illustrate by ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS which make up the history of every empire, kingdom, principality and nation, all accurately and entertainingly told in the world famed publication.

Ridpath's History of the World

THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work. BRAND NEW, down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco, which we must sell immediately. We are offering the remaining sets At LESS than even damaged sets were ever sold

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive their income from his History, and to print our price broadcast for the sake of selling these few sets would cause great injury to future sales. Send Coupon To-day. Sample pages are free.

Collier's Readers have shown wonderful appreciation of our remarkable offer. We have shipped this splendid work to delighted readers living in every State of the Union, to nearly all foreign nations, and to the far-away islands of the sea. OVER 200,000 SETS OF THIS MONUMENTAL WORK HAVE BEEN SOLD, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. More sets of Ridpath's History have been sold than of the Encyclopedia Britannica and the Century Dictionary combined. Can you imagine a greater testimonial for any set of books? The English-speaking world has endorsed this as the only History of the World worth having.

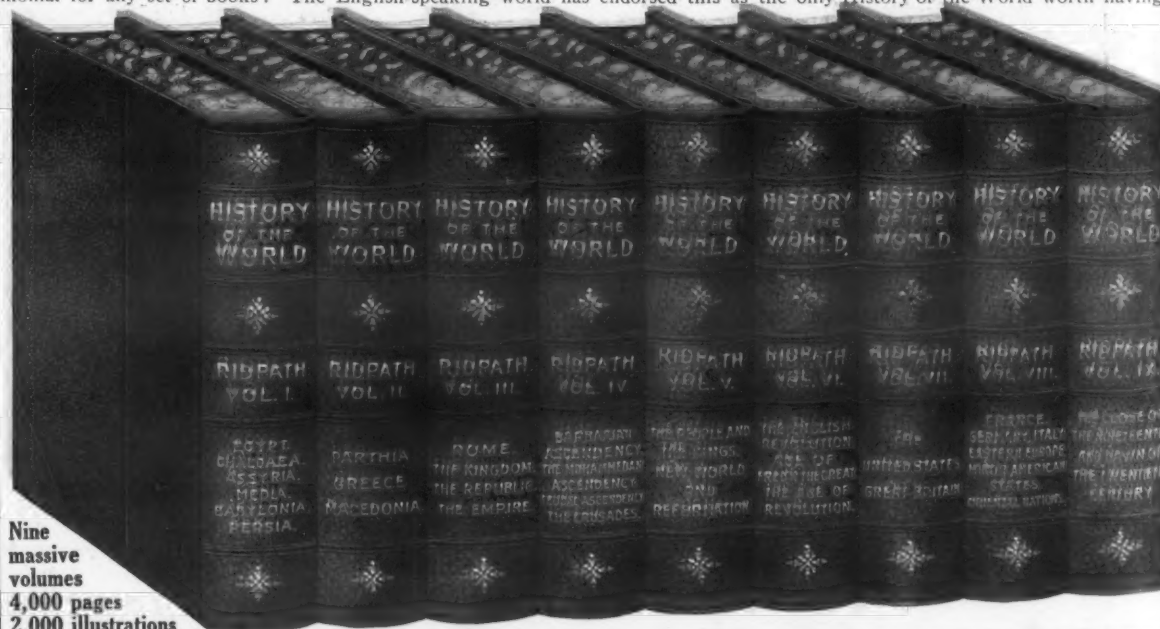
William McKinley said:
"I am familiar with the merits of Ridpath's History of the World, and cordially commend it to the scholar as well as to the plain people generally."

Jefferson Davis said:
"I esteem Ridpath's History of the World of very great value, and hope it will find a place generally in the libraries of our schools, as well as upon the shelves of readers in every walk of life."

Grover Cleveland said:
"I unhesitatingly commend Ridpath's History of the World as a work of great merit and believe that it should have a prominent place in every library."

Benjamin Harrison said:
"The author's labors are deserving of the highest praise. The printing and binding are first class and the illustrations are numerous and of a high order. I most heartily recommend this great work for study and convenient reference."

Low Wallace said:
"I have not words to sufficiently recommend Professor Ridpath's 'History of the World.' The author has done his work in the most thorough and interesting manner. No library is complete without it."



Nine massive volumes
4,000 pages
2,000 illustrations

RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt.

RIDPATH in your home means you need never spend a lonely evening. You can associate with the world's heroes; you can cross the Rubicon with Caesar, after which Rome was free no more. You can sit at the feet of Socrates, the loftiest genius of the ancient world. You can kneel at the shrine of Lincoln, "the greatest human of all time; the gentlest memory of our world." It is ennobling to commune with these children of destiny. To be associated with great men and events is to be great one's self, and you will add to your store of knowledge which is power, and to the richness of your life.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendour; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers every race, every nation, every time, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

RIDPATH throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there; patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes, from his mountain platform, sees Themistocles with three hundred and fifty Greek ships smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail, and help to mould the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty; Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismarck is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France, which says, "You shall not." Washington is there, "four-square to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen, and on into another Century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

200,000 Americans Own and Love Ridpath
WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILL.

10-
50-100
FREE
COUPON

WESTERN
NEWSPAPER
ASSOCIATION

H. E. SEVER, President
204 Dearborn St., Chicago

Please mail without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, engravings of Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, and write me full particulars of your special offer to COLLIER'S readers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

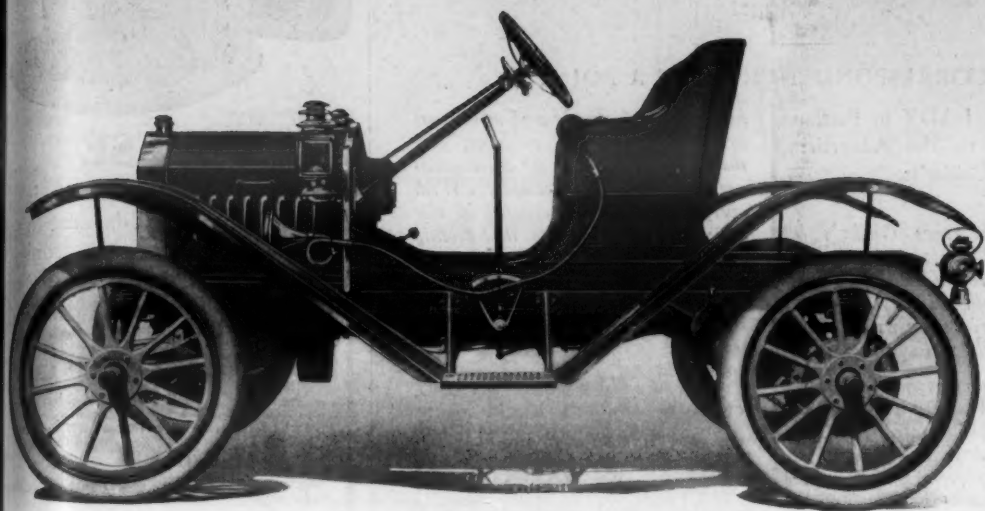
Write your name and address carefully and mail coupon today.

COLLIER'S

Send Coupon Today

10c
A DAY
Buys This
Great Work

Everyman's Car at Last



1910 Brush
\$485⁰⁰

Think of it—\$485 for the best-built, most thoroughly proven, easiest-riding, most economical, handiest small automobile in the world!

The New Brush Runabout not only out-classes all small cars, but is far ahead of its own previous high standard.

Even though we have learned the lessons all manufacturers have to learn by experience—even though we have manufacturing facilities as nearly perfect as money and brains can make them—still we could not build a car of the quality of the 1910 Brush if we merely imitated the big cars with all their complicated parts and all parts necessarily smaller and weaker. Here's where the genius of the designer counts.

The Brush has always been and still is the only real Runabout built in America.

The new 1910 Brush is not a designer's dream but the result of years of experience and a knowledge acquired by manufacturing 3,000 Brushes that are in daily use. It is a car which with one chassis adapts itself perfectly by change of bodies to a hundred different uses.

It is a car new in power, smoothness, speed and looks but built on proven principles by an organization already perfected.

The Brush has the fewest possible parts but they are of sufficient size and strength to stand the hardest knocks.

Simplicity makes it possible to build the car right and still sell it at this wonderful price.

As for reliability, there is no comparison between the Brush and any of the small imitations of larger multi-cylinder cars.

With the new Brush you get single-cylinder simplicity, reliability, light weight, low gasoline and oil consumption, low tire expense with four-cylinder power and smoothness.

Its new balanced motor runs as quietly as a four-cylinder and is as flexible. Its power is astonishing.

The most wonderful improvement in Motor Car Construction in years.

While the balanced motor is the most remarkable feature of the 1910 Brush, we have made numerous other improvements and refinements.

Here are some of them: wheel-base lengthened 6 inches; more graceful and rakish lines; Mercedes type radiator; new selective control; universal coupling shaft; improved dust-proof commutator; multiple disc low and reverse clutches; transmission control levers entirely housed and oil-tight; more quiet muffler.

In our magnificent new plant, we make every part of the Brush except the wheels, tires and electric equipment. The Brush buyer pays no middle-man's or parts-maker's profit.

READ THE SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—10 H.P., balanced single cylinder, four-cycle, vertical, 4' x 5', water cooled; located in front under hood; every part instantly accessible; three point suspension.

Balancing—After balancing by the usual counterweights, one extra loaded balance gear, driven by a crankshaft gear, is applied, the result of which is to take out all of the vibration due to reciprocating weight and in addition (and at times all) of the torque vibration—*theoretically in better balance than a four-cylinder motor.*

Transmission—Internal gear type, perfectly quiet; entirely enclosed and absolutely oil-tight.

Cooling—Mercedes type radiator on Briscoe thermo-siphon system, eliminating pump.

Drive—Double side chains to rear wheels.

Control—Single hand lever of selective action for all speeds; spark and throttle under steering-wheel; foot-pedal releases clutch without touching the hand-lever, and also applies the brake. This clutch release by the foot is one of the fine features of the Brush and is found on no other low-priced car.

Steering Gear—Another exceptional feature; internal reducing spur gear, slow and powerful at straight-ahead and accelerating as the wheel turns; entirely enclosed and oil-tight.

Axles and Frames—Oil-treated, selected wood, oak, hickory and maple; wonderful for strength, durability and lightness.

Springs—Spiral, located at extreme four corners; absolutely the easiest riding springs on any car and mechanically impossible to break.

Brakes—Internal expanding in rear sprocket hubs.

Wheels—Artillery, with 28' x 3' pneumatic tires.

Wheel Base—80 inches.

Tread—56". For Southern trade 60".

Equipment—Tools, tire kit, 3 oil lamps, horn.

Color—Maroon, except coupé.

Body—Divided seat, trimmed in high-grade leather. Platform on rear, as pictured above, with equipment \$485.00.

Six special bodies, furnished on order, at extra prices, as follows: rear platform with steel tool box; rear compartment with removable steel deck; single or double rumble with wooden tool box; racer type; coupé.

Speed—35 miles an hour, except racer type, which has special gearing.

Everyman's Car—

Merchants
Physicians
Salesmen
Corporations
Contractors
Farmers
Clubmen
Suburbanites

The Young Folks—

The Brush knows no class; there is no limit to its usefulness. A tried, proven automobile for less than the cost of a good horse and buggy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Brush Runabout Co., 1030 Baltimore Avenue
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me copy of the new Brush Catalog.

Name

Address

City

State

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO.,

1030 BALTIMORE AVE.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Model D 28



Model D Coupé



Model D 26

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

With water fronts if wanted for pressure or other boilers

Perfect Baker
A Fuel Saver

Pure Asbestos Lining

Can't break, rust or crack

Known the World Over
The Great and Grand
MAJESTIC
Malleable and Charcoal Iron
RANGE
"The Range with a Reputation"

Made by
Majestic Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

It should be in your kitchen

Ask your dealer to show it

Pen Elasticity

Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, NEW YORK

THANKSGIVING FAVORS

Roast Turkeys, 5c, 10c, 25c and 50c. Painted Turkeys, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c. Wax Pumpkins, 5c, 10c. Pumpkin Ice Cream Cases, 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c. Crepe Paper Napkins, 40c package. Pumpkin Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$2.50 each. Snapping Mollies, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 dozen. North Pole Equinox, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. North Pole Jack Horner Pie, 19 Strings, \$6.00. Snowball with flag, 5c. Worlds, 15c, 25c each. Icicles, 10c dozen. North Pole Ice Cream Cases, \$2.50 and \$4.00 dozen. Eskimo on Snowball, 15c. Eskimo on Snow Box, 15c. We do not pay mail charges. If you have not our large catalogue of all Favors it will be sent free on request.

B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 36, 812 Broadway, NEW YORK

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 27

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A POINT

FROM A LADY in Portland, Maine, to the Advertising Manager of Collier's:

Dear Sir:

For several years Collier's has been admitted into our family circle as an intimate and valued friend. We have believed implicitly that every word printed on its pages was the gospel truth.

You may imagine, then, how severe was the shock when one day last week we walked the streets of Portland, equipped with a coupon cut from Collier's reliable advertising section. The advertisement informed us that on presentation of the coupon at any druggist's we would be given a free tube of the dentifrice it advertised.

It did seem hard to take so much trouble, only to be met by a blank stare from our druggist and told that he had no authority to give us the article in question.

We had read our Collier's faithfully every week, and remembered such phrases as these from your Advertising Bulletins—"None but

honest manufacturers and merchants are admitted to our columns, and the claims they make for their goods are in every way reliable. With every advertiser represented in this issue you may deal with that feeling of security and satisfaction that you have when you buy from a man with whom you are personally acquainted."

Respectfully yours,

This lady did what I wish every reader of Collier's would do—promptly called my attention to the matter when she failed to get the treatment promised by the advertisement. As a matter of fact, it proved to be stupidity on the part of the druggist. The offer was made in entirely good faith, by F. F. Ingram & Co.

When I called the advertiser's attention to the matter they immediately wrote the lady in Portland explaining fully, requesting that she send the names of any druggists who had refused to honor the coupon, and proffering a tube of the dentifrice free by mail.

F. F. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Illustrating a Point"



CHEESE

Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and Chafing Dish Cooking.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS., N. Y.

KEEP YOUR RAZOR SHARP

Don't blame the razor if it dulls quickly. May be it's your fault. Rub a few drops of 3-in-One oil on your razor strip. When leather is placed strip as usual. Any razor will cut easier, better and stay sharp longer. After using, draw blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One. This prevents rust, keeps edge smooth and keen, always sharp and ready for immediate use. Don't scrape your face. Use 3-in-One on your razor and shave right.

Write for liberal free sample and special scientific circular. Try it yourself.

FREE

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 121 New St., New York

PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE This New Book on PATENTS tells how to obtain a Patent, explains the cost of a patent and gives full particulars of our Special Advantageous Methods of Business.

O'NEAL & BROS., Pat. Attys., 915 F St., Washington, D.C.

Feeds Coal in at the Chimney

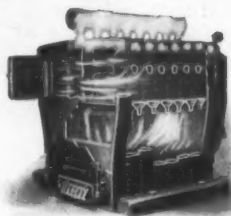
For every shovel of coal you put in the fire-box of a "RICHMOND" boiler, a half-shovel is fed back from the chimney.

It is automatic. It costs you nothing either for the feeding, or for the coal.

It is accomplished by our exclusive device known as the "diving flue."

The "diving flue" takes the unburned smoke and gases and holds them back to burn.

For every shovel you put in the fire-box, it saves half a shovel which would otherwise be wasted.



"RICHMOND" Boilers — Radiators

The "RICHMOND" system of heating embraces both hot water and steam—direct or indirect. It is a sectional system, applicable to any building from a three-room bungalow to a plant that measures its floor space by the acre.

We spend from three to seven times as much as other makers do for a smoke box.

But our "diving flue" does three to seven times the work of other flues.

It catches the rich unburned gases as they are about to escape—and holds them back to make more heat.

The economy of the exclusive "diving flue" is only one of many "RICHMOND" economies.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases, and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The "RICHMOND" has no separate base. It is solid from the floor up.

Stronger construction—less weight—greater durability.

And the water intake of the "RICHMOND" instead of being at the bottom of the fire-box is at the bottom of the ash-pit.

The benefit is greater than appears at first sight.

Heat from the Ash-Pit

The incoming water absorbs the heat of the

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs—Lavatories—Sinks

If you are about to build, investigate too, the "RICHMOND" line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks to

ash-pit—free heat which would otherwise be wasted.

And more:

It reaches the fire-box level, already warm—so that it does not chill the fire.

Look in your present boiler and you will appreciate the value of this.

In a rim around the edge, you will see two inches or more of dead coal or ashes—where the cold incoming water chilled the fire.

With the "RICHMOND" there is no deadened rim of fuel—nothing to clog the fire-box and decrease its capacity and the warmth of the ash-pit is utilized free.

The "RICHMOND" system represents the climax of inventive ingenuity—practical ingenuities that prove their worth in fuel economy—flexible service—heating satisfaction.

Write Us

Please write us for full details of the "RICHMOND" system, which, whether the building be large or small, will save its own cost and pay its own maintenance. Ask for catalog 205.

Address in the West

Cameron Schroth Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators
205 Michigan Street, Chicago

THE McCORM-Howell Co. 205 Terminal Building New York
Park Ave. and 41st St.,
Two factories at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Bulletin

"THE 24-HOUR ST. LOUIS"

The fastest train ever scheduled between New York and St. Louis—"The 24-Hour St. Louis"—will be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad on Sunday, November 7. It will leave New York 6.25 P.M., North Philadelphia 8.17 P.M., and arrive St. Louis at 5.25 P.M. the next day. Connecting train will leave Washington at 7.00 P.M., Baltimore 8.00 P.M. The returning train "The 24-Hour New Yorker" will leave St. Louis at 6.00 P.M., arrive North Philadelphia 5.09 P.M., New York 7.00 P.M., Baltimore 5.55 P.M., Washington 7.10 P.M.

Westward "The 24-Hour St. Louis" will also carry through sleeping cars to Cleveland and Cincinnati, establishing the fastest service from New York to those cities.

This service will add two more to the list of pioneer fast trains established by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In 1881 it inaugurated "limited" train service in America by establishing "The Pennsylvania Limited," the first limited train between New York and Chicago, on a schedule of 26 hours and 40 minutes.

In 1902 it inaugurated regular 20-hour train service between New York and Chicago; and in 1905 it established the now famous "Pennsylvania Special" on its 18-hour schedule between New York and Chicago.

In inaugurating 24-hour train service between New York and St. Louis it is maintaining its record for giving the traveling public the best that can be furnished.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES—POST CARD PROJECTORS

Motion Pictures, Talking Machines and our Wonderful New Post Card Projectors for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machines for Entertainment Work are the wonder of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures, just as shown at the big Theatres. Our Post Card Projector shows perfectly sharp and clear, 6 to 8 foot pictures, in natural colors, from views, post card pictures, clippings from papers, books, etc. Our machines are the finest, and all sold at a price any one can afford. We have the only practical machine for entertaining. Send to day for our illustrated catalogue No. 6 and special circulars for home entertainment or No. 124 for traveling exhibition work.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 123, Chicago



COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System. 200 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Broadway Central Hotel Only N. Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table is the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$3.50. R. P. \$1.

Latham 5th Ave. and 29th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 185 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.

SIXTH ARABIC
CRUISE
TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
AND
ORIENT
LEAVES NEW YORK, JAN. 20, 1910
ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED FOR 75 DAYS AT \$400 & UP. SEND FOR
PROGRAM
WHITE STAR LINE—NEW YORK

"TWIN GRIP" PAPER FASTENER

has double prongs that hold top, bottom and middle papers in an all-embracing grip. Just a pinch and it's on. Can be used over and over again. Smooth, handsome and effective. Send for free samples in four sizes.

The De Long Hook & Eye Company
Philadelphia
U. S. A.

Elastic Stockings.

From pure gum rubber woven absolutely to your measure at the same price you pay for poor wearing, ready-made goods.

Our Stockings are best in the world and our prices lowest. Write for self-measurement blank and FACTS ABOUT VARICOSE VEINS.

Worster Elastic
50 Front Street,

Stocking and Truss Company
Dept. 8, Worcester, Mass.

Collier's

Saturday, October 30, 1909



Cover Design	Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson	
A Cup of Tea. Frontispiece	Drawn by Lilian Westcott Hale	8
Editorials		9
What the World is Doing		11
The Fight for Water in the West.—II	Agnes C. Laut	13
THE REPORTER	Harvey J. O'Higgins	15
MR. WITHERSPOON'S HEART TROUBLE	Arthur S. Pier	17
LONE WOLF OF LOST MOUNTAIN	Charles G. D. Roberts	20
A Study in Faces. Photographs		22-23
For the Reader of Books	Conducted by Rowland Thomas	22-23
Mr. Forbes-Robertson as an Angel	Arthur Ruhl	24
Brickbats and Bouquets		27

Volume XLIV

Number 6

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Dawson's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.30 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Style

is what makes a man proud of his clothes.

It is the distinguishing feature of the

SCHLOSS
"CLOTHES BEAUTIFUL"

They have an individuality which appeals to men of good taste and good judgment. They cost no more than the ordinary if you insist on the Schloss Label shown above.

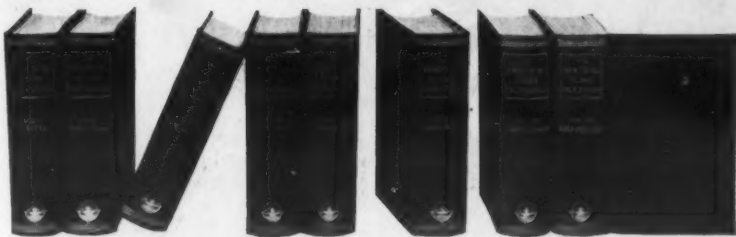
OVERCOATS or SUITS
designed and made by Schloss, Baltimore, give a man distinction in any company.

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO.
BALTIMORE and NEW YORK

"***** I Had
a
Fox (No. 12) Shotgun;
No Better Gun
Was Ever Made."

Extract from
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S
own account
of his
African Expedition
October Scribner's
(Page 403)

A Vital Need of All Who Read



A good encyclopedia is a necessary part of the equipment of your home. It is an investment in intelligence; and the more you use it, the greater your profit. The practical value of an encyclopedia will demonstrate itself to you every day of your life. No individual can acquire more than a fraction of the world's knowledge. No body can grasp and retain more than a fraction of the information that he needs day by day. An encyclopedia is virtually a vast filing-system of material, condensed, arranged, and adapted to ready reference. Hitherto, encyclopedias have generally been too bulky for busy people and too costly for a modest income; or else they have been cheap in quality as well as in price—mere makeshifts thrown together at random. We are glad to be able to present a broad-gauge work of reference at low cost in

THE PRACTICAL HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA

8 volumes—More than 7,000 pages—Thousands of illustrations—Colored maps with special index features
An atlas of the world—A comprehensive gazetteer—A biographical dictionary—
A summary of history—A lexicon of science and the arts

THE PRACTICAL HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA is a compact, convenient work, especially designed, as its title indicates, for the home and for those everywhere who wish the gist of a matter and wish it ready at their hand. Its editor-in-chief, George J. Hagar, editor of "Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History," and a member of the editorial staff of the "International Encyclopedia," has been assisted by scores of special expert contributors in the various domains of activity and learning.

THE PRACTICAL HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA may not only be referred to for immediate information on any specific point, but may also be made the basis of courses of reading in various subjects, thus providing an education at home. It is the most recent encyclopedia in date of issue. It is bound in a handsome dark green cloth that will not easily soil, and that is especially fitted to withstand the constant use to which a work of this kind is subjected. The backs are stamped with a handsome design in gold. Each volume measures about 6 1/2 by 9 1/2 inches and is about 1 1/2 inches thick. The total weight of the entire set is approximately 50 pounds.

**2 Interesting Books
SENT FREE**

The Practical Home Encyclopedia, they comprise valuable copyrighted articles by such authors as Henry van Dyke, Margaret E. Sangster, and Hamilton W. Mabie. With the free books we also send a direct letter giving full information.

WRITE IMMEDIATELY.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY 44-60 East 23d Street
NEW YORK

Fill out carefully the attached coupon and mail to us at once. We shall send to you in return, absolutely without cost on your part, two interesting books, of which we have printed small editions for special distribution. Besides beautiful specimen pages of The Practical Home Encyclopedia, and copyrighted articles by Hamilton W. Mabie, Henry van Dyke, and other well-known writers. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....

Income Insurance

and the Empire State Surety Company are inseparably associated in the public mind, for it was this company which brought home to the insuring public, through its advertising and by its liberal and other health and no insurance ever for absolute comfort than our guarantee of pendent income incapacitated through



Popular Premium accident policies, that devised makes more and peace of mind a steady, fixed, de-when the assured is illness or accident.

Other companies are now following our lead.

No matter whether your regular income continues or not, our Income Insurance will be paid you just the same if you are one of our policy holders, in case you are laid up from any cause. Such insurance helps to regain health by obviating worry. No physical examination is required.

Our policy also insures your life in case of death by accident.

Agents wanted in all cities of 5,000 population or larger.

Fill out and return coupon below for further particulars.

Empire State Surety Company

The only Company writing Surety, Fidelity and Court Bonds, and issuing Manufacturers', Automobile, Contractors', Marine, Employers' and Public Liability, Landlords', General Liability, Elevator Liability, Trains' Liability, Owners' Contingent Liability, Steam Boilers, Personal Accident and Health Disability, Plate Glass and Bank, Resident and Mercantile Burglary, Sprinkler Leakage, Physicians', Dentists' and Druggists' Liability.

84 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Offices in all Important Cities

Name _____

Address _____

(COLLIER'S)

Kenyon

Patented "Simplo" Coat

made of Rainproof Cloth. The most popular coat of the day

This is a military coat convertible to a lapel collar (ordinary type) in one second. No hooks, no buttons—very neat either way.

For sale at good stores, nearly everywhere. Look for the Kenyon Label.

Ask your dealer or tell us what size you wear. We will send samples and will see that you are supplied.

C. KENYON COMPANY
WHOLESALE SALESROOMS
23 Union Square New York 200 Jackson Boulevard Chicago

Lapel collar for social dress and warmer days.

HORLICK'S

A Nourishing quick lunch for professional and business men.

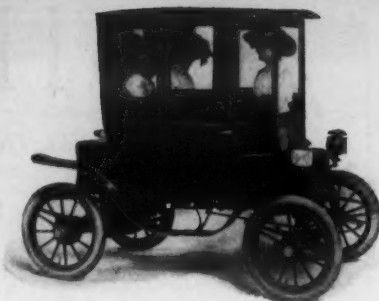
Original and Genuine MALTED MILK

Pure rich milk and malted grain

Served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains.

A Nutritious Food Drink—For All Ages

All Druggists



A 4-Passenger Coupe, with removable top which may be replaced with leather Victoria or buggy top. Exide, Waverley or National Batteries. Choice of solid or pneumatic tires. Price, \$2,250.

Waverley

Perfection
of Style and
Service in an
Electric

Why Pay More When the Waverley Satisfies These?

Cost was not a consideration with these people when they made their selection. Yet they prefer the Waverley Electrics to other electric vehicles selling up to \$3,000.

MRS. LUCY CARNEGIE, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Carnegie has purchased 12 for Winter Island, Fernandina, Fla., the winter resort of the Carnegies.

JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, the famous yacht designer. Three Waverleys have been purchased by the Herreshoff family.

Representative JAMES TAWNEY, Chairman of House Appropriation Committee.

Ex-Attorney-General CHARLES J. BONAPARTE. Has purchased two Waverleys.

Sec'y of the Navy GEO. VON L. MEYER. WILLIAM E. HORLICK, Racine, head of the Horlick Malted Milk Co.

DR. FRANK BILLINGS, Chicago's most famous physician.

WAR DEPARTMENT, U. S. GOVERNMENT.

EMIL BERLINER, the noted electrical engineer of Washington.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

An electric vehicle must be right in all points to satisfy men like Edison, Herreshoff and Berliner.

The Waverley is made in the largest electric carriage factory in the world. No other factory has such facilities. That is why we can turn out the highest grade of cars at the lowest prices.

The design for its beautiful body is copyrighted. Choice is given of Majestic Blue, Waverley Maroon or Brewster Green with upholstery to match.

The new Waverley driving system is enclosed in a dust-proof case which prevents noise and keeps the dust out. No other system attached wholly to body is completely enclosed. The motor is suspended from the body between springs.

The Waverley positively cannot be started except on slow speed. The handle must first be moved to off position. The Waverley never jumps.

The Waverley Patent Drop Sill brings the step so low that it is even with many curbs and not more than 8 inches above any. From the step to the inside is only 11 inches.

Send today for our Beautiful Art Catalog H2, showing Waverley 1910 Models. The book will be mailed to you free by return mail. Address

[13] The Waverley Company, 143 South East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

\$1 DOWN

\$1.00 Down puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 405 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE

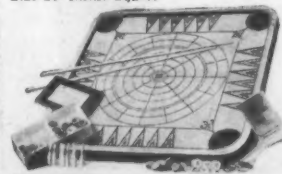
Games That Always Entertain

Decidedly the most fascinating and genuinely interesting game board for the home, lodges, clubs, Y. M. C. A. rooms, etc. Sixty-five different games—presenting unusual variety—combined in one. There are games as deep as chess or checkers, games for parties from two to six, exciting games for boys and girls. Good, clean, whole-souled amusement that any home can afford—the



CROWN Combination Carrom Board

Size 29 Inches Square



It is finished in white maple and mahogany, with fine felt cushions and net pockets. Handsome, durable, attractive. Considering the number and quality of its games—and its incalculable value as an entertainer—it is the most inexpensive of game boards—price \$3.50. Stand 75 cents extra. We make other Carrom, Crokinole, Archarena and Combination Boards—50 to 100 games, also combination Pool and Billiard Tables. Catalog free.

Sold by dealers, or we will ship on receipt of price. Freight prepaid east of Omaha, Neb., and north of Memphis, Tenn. Consult your dealer first; if he doesn't handle, write us.

CARROM-ARCHARENA COMPANY, Ludington, Mich.

How to Save 6 Cents

and at the same time begin a course of modern hair culture. Write to our American Offices to-day, enclosing 4c for a 10c sample bottle of

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

Test the sample thoroughly—notice the comfort it brings, the delicate odor it imparts, see how it removes dandruff. If you like the sample, ask your dealer for a 50c bottle—use it 3 times a week and watch your hair improve.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. 516
ED. PINAUD BLDG., NEW YORK

Don't Pay Two Prices for Stoves and Ranges

Buy at Factory Prices, SAVE \$18.00

HOOISER STOVES

HAVE NO EQUAL

"Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low unheard of Factory Prices?"

Stoves are delivered for you to use 30 days free in your own home before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove, backed by a Million Dollars. Our 20 new 1916 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced.

Send Postal Today for Free Catalogue.

Hooiser Stove Factory, 218 State Street, Marion, Ind.

I TEACH

Penmanship

BY MAIL

Learn the World's First Prize in Penmanship.

By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me, I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM

100 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri

Weak Instep

comes pains through the feet and legs similar to rheumatism. You can prevent all this by wearing the

50c A PAIR

C & H ARCH

Instep Supports

C & H Arch Shank Co., Dept. S-C, Brockton, Mass.

HOME

STUDY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

350 of its class-room courses by correspond-

ence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Book-keepers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

LEARN

EXPERT SHORTHAND

from court reporters. Individual instruction by mail. For beginners and stenographers. Easy to learn, write and read. Write for free catalogue.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Suite 110, 179 Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Suite 107, Lenox Ave., 128th St., New York City, N. Y.

We have two schools. Address the one nearer you.

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life. Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater than any other trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conductor your own business. Catalogue sent free.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL

4445 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Are You Looking for a Chance to Go Into Business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into large general store are great. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

EDWARD B. MOON, 1 West Water Street, Chicago

Pearl Grape Cluster Pin, Only \$1.00

This exquisite example of the jeweler's art, eleven imitation pearls with beautiful pinkish lustre, that look like the genuine gem.

It does not far exceed your expectations return it and get your money refunded. An unusual opportunity to get a beautiful piece of jewelry by mail at a trifling cost. Delancey Jewelry Co., 41 W. Broadway, N. Y.

Hunters' and Trappers' Guide \$10.00

pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Decoys; Price \$2.00. We pay 10 to 50c more for New Fur, Hides, Skins than home buyers. Hides tanned into Robes. Send for Price List. Anderson Bros., Dept. 18, Minneapolis, Minn.

COINS WANTED. Highest cash prices paid. Satisfaction assured by a record of 25 years' square dealing. Send stamp for illustrated circular. Get posted and make money quickly. Von Bergen, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

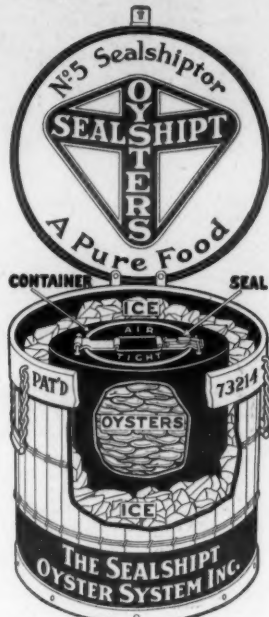
Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler

Loving Cups, Badges, Rings and Watch Fobs. Send for my free illustrated 1910 catalog.

FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 30 West Street, Boston

Oct. 30

All that the Law Requires And More



Two years from now open tub oysters will be a thing of the past.

The shipping of oysters is being regulated by State and by National legislation.

But today the only oysters you can be sure of are Sealship Oysters.

What other oysters must be two years from now, Sealship Oysters are today.

For the Sealship system now reaches from the oyster beds to you—and guarantees you the full sea flavor, though you live in Rochester or Los Angeles—everywhere and always.

Sealship Oysters

Straight from the Oyster Beds Under Seal

In the shipping of oysters it has not always been so.

Before the Sealship System was devised, oysters were shipped in open tubs.

All oysters which are not shipped in the Sealship way are shipped in tubs even now.

Oysters and ice are put together in these tubs. When the ice melts, the expressman puts on more—railroad ice.

What the "Liquor" Is

The "liquor" which you get with common oysters is the water that is left by the melting ice.

This water washes the sea flavor out of the oysters. It makes them soggy, shapeless, insipid. By the time the oysters reach an inland point, they taste more of the tub than they do of the sea.

But in Sealship, the flavor is saved by shipping the oysters in air-tight, germ-proof containers.

The ice goes outside of the containers. Neither ice nor water can get into the oysters.

These air-tight containers are sealed at the seaside; they are sealed in Sealships, in transit; sealed when your dealer gets them.

When he breaks the seal, he does not empty the oysters into a tub, but into a porcelain Sealshipcase, which is air-tight and iced from without, as in the Sealship.

It is a perfect, smooth-running, comprehensive system. It embraces the growing and shipping of oysters; the transportation of oysters; the selling of oysters.

It insures you that the oysters you get are oysters at their best.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us the name of your oyster dealer. We will send you, free, our book "47 New Seaside Oyster Dishes" which gives many shore recipes, unknown inland. Address Department 33 A.



To insure consumers receiving the genuine Sealship Oysters we have devised the cleanly white and blue porcelain Sealshipcase, used by all our licensed agents under contract. For your own protection, look for this and for the white and blue enameled agency sign.

The Sealship Oyster System, Inc.

Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.

Sealship Oyster Stations
at 80 Coast Point.

General Office and Factory:
South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealship Groceries and
Markets Everywhere

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

6 Months' Guarantee

goes with every pair of "N F 10" Shoe Laces. That's the quickest way of saying "N F 10" are the strongest and longest-wearing shoe laces ever made.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

are made of highest-grade long-fibre Sea Island cotton, especially processed; and are tipped with exclusive patented tips that are fast in color and won't come off.

Every pair in a sealed box, with the 6 months' guarantee printed on it. That, and the patented tips, with "N F 10" stamped on them, protect you against imitations.

10 cents per pair—black and tan. Four lengths for men's and women's high shoes—36, 40, 45, 54 inches. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers.

If your dealer hasn't "N F 10" we'll send them on receipt of price. Write us anyway for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our patented Nufashond for oxford.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. B, Reading, Pa.



Rapid Combination Roasting and Boiling Fireless Cooker

You'll Be Surprised at the Low Direct Price I'll Make You Satisfaction guaranteed by full 30 days' trial or no charge—Pays for self fastest—Cooks fastest—No experience necessary—Saves 50 per cent on fuel, time and work—Non-rusting metal-lined—Perfect insulation—Cleanest cooking—Boils, Steams, Stews—Roasts, Bakes, Fries.

30 FULL DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Complete, With Genuine Aluminum Cooking Utensils Free. Also Metal Composition Heat-Radiators. Can't Break or Crack.

Cover completely protects cooker from dust and makes it useful as a stand. Send name today for Free 150-Splendid-Recipe Book and Catalog Free, and low direct-to-you, factory prices.

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 20
220 21st St., Detroit, Mich.

BOOK FREE

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

Cheaper and more durable than wood. For Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries, Public Grounds. Also Farm and Foultry Fences. Catalogue free. Write for Special Offer. The Ward Fence Co., Box 602, Decatur, Ind.

SILENCE and POWER

together with SPEED and the M. M. SIMPLICITY

of construction is why the

M. M. Motorcycle

is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities prove it an ideal Motorcycle. DEALERS WANTED.

M. M. MOTOR COMPANY

Brooklyn, Mass.

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

24 HOUR 100 CANDLE POWER

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

ELECTRICITY

Every Boy, Girl, Grown-up

should have our big catalogue containing illustrations and descriptions of Voltamp Electrical Products. Wireless Instruments, Motors, Dynamos, Machine Models, Toys, Telegraph Instruments, Batteries, Motors, Cords, Switches, Gasoline Tubes, Lamps, Flash-Lights, Telephone Bells, Miniature Railways, etc. Send for catalogue—free, which will be refunded with first order of \$1.00 or over. Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Rock Ridge, Baltimore, Md.

XMAS GOLD

Send us 5c, stamps, for postage and we will send you Ten Free Sample Post Cards, and our Big Surprise Offer. Beautiful colors, pretty designs. Big offer. POST CARD HOUSE, 182 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WIGS and TOUPEES

Absolutely non-detachable toupees—best in the world. Sent on approval. Recommended by physicians. Catalogue.

Lombard, Remick Co., 495 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Free Report as to Patentability. "How We Do Business," and "What to Invent, How to Invent, and How to Sell Your Patent" sent free. John S. Duffie & Co., Dept. 2, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PAY

Protect Your Mind 2 BOOKS FREE: "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent" and "61-p. Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability."

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 852 F. Washington, D. C.

HAVE YOU AN IDEA?

Write for our Books: "Why Patents Pay," "100 Mechanical Movements," "Perpetual Motions—50 Illustrations." Mailed free.

F. G. DEXTER & CO., Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of six cents stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

PATENTS. WATSON E. COLEMAN

Patent Lawyer, 612 F St., Washington, D. C. Advice and books free.

Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

DRAWN BY LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE

A Cup of Tea



T

to intere
dent hav
trip? D
BALLING
were tric

Mr. I
into the
BALLING
about pe
progress
municipa
Spring V
allied to

When
to suppl
The inte
was or v
merely s
himself,
made an
approved
work.

"I hav
Secretary

Who, th
or wrote

Who
by GARR
to do ex
smallnes
ent is so
certain a
the Unit
attempt
precisely
and he,
lieve he
singular

The
to an ex
also unf

In hi
frauds,
loafers
mere tee
their di
a crime
welfare,

Secretar
case, wh
the salo
back a
shoes?
Govern
it came
constru

And
letter)

TAFT h
upon hi
ments i
BALLIN
Comptr
that con
had bee
that co



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

October 30, 1909

Who Wrote the Letter?

THE PUBLIC, MR. TAFT, and possibly Congress must ultimately decide between them whether a man grossly unsympathetic with any interference with private exploitation shall remain Secretary of the Interior; a man intricately related to interests which are too predatory to be agreeable. Did the President have time to acquire any first-hand information on his Western trip? Did he happen to find out whether the performances of Mr. BALLINGER regarding a railroad right of way up the Des Chutes River were tricky or sincere?

Mr. BALLINGER has been recently sent by the President to look into the Hetch-Hetchy situation. A trifle tardy, one might think. BALLINGER held up the matter for three months on mere technicalities about permits to put up workmen's shacks: red tape which blocked progress until too late to proceed this season with work toward a municipal water supply for San Francisco—naturally displeasing to the Spring Valley Water Company, at present enjoying a monopoly, and allied to the Southern Pacific ring.

When Mr. TAFT is home and settled perhaps he will be inclined to supplement his eulogistic letter to the Secretary of the Interior. The interesting question might be asked, whether this production was or was not prepared in Mr. BALLINGER's own department, and merely signed by Mr. TAFT. If Mr. TAFT had really written that letter himself, after personal examination, we hardly think he would have made any statement so readily disproved as that the Reclamation Service approved of BALLINGER's course in attempting to undo GARFIELD's work. The following statement of Governor PARDEE is true:

"I have seen documentary evidence that the Reclamation Service argued with Secretary BALLINGER against the restoration order of which the President speaks."

Who, then, misled the President on this significant question of fact, or wrote the letter signed by him?

Who also misled him on the relative amount of the land withdrawn by GARFIELD and that withdrawn by BALLINGER after he was compelled to do exactly what he said was illegal when GARFIELD did it? The smallness of the trick by which these amounts were led to seem so different is so flagrant as to be almost incredible. GARFIELD withdrew all of certain areas, "excepting any tracts the title to which has passed out of the United States," which, of course, he could not withdraw, and never attempted to withdraw. BALLINGER was compelled to withdraw almost precisely the same tracts, only he described them in a different manner, and he, or whoever wrote the Taft letter, tried to make the public believe he had withdrawn a vastly smaller area—a trick, to say the least, singularly indiscreet.

The author of the eulogy (whoever he may have been) also pretended to an examination of sites which never had been made. Was not this also unfair to the President—and indiscreet?

In his defense of the Cunningham interests, Mr. BALLINGER says the frauds, if any, were merely technical. Why is the hiring of a lot of loafers to beat the Government for the profit of the GUGGENHEIMS a mere technicality, while Mr. GARFIELD's and Mr. PINCHOT's full use of their discretion for the general good assumes the proportions of almost a crime? Is Mr. BALLINGER a strict constructionist against the public welfare, and a loose constructionist for the private snap? Does the Secretary of the Interior remember the so-called Horse Thief Canyon case, where, because of the discovery of dummy entry enterprises with the saloon loafers of Denver, the United States Government recovered back a whole coal mine, and Union Pacific directors quaked in their shoes? Under Mr. ROOSEVELT, at least, conspiracy to defraud the Government was not looked upon as only technically a wrong. When it came to protecting the people in the possession of their wealth strict construction was with the Roosevelt officers.

Another statement in the Taft letter (or Pierce, Lawler, or Ballinger letter) was so amazingly the opposite of true that we believe Mr. TAFT himself will be indignant when he understands the trick played upon him. He was made to say that the contract between two departments in regard to Indian affairs was a good thing in itself, but that BALLINGER was obliged to act as he did by reason of a decision of the Comptroller that the contract was illegal. *The question of the legality of that contract had never been submitted to the Comptroller, and no decision had been made on it. Moreover: There are decisions by the Comptroller that contracts of that sort between two departments are legal and unobjec-*

Oct. 30

tionable. The Ballinger trick, successfully executed on the President, relied upon a decision of September 3, 1908, which Mr. TAFT will find upon examination merely decides that the Forest Service could not detail a clerk to the Indian Office and still have him a member of the Forest Service; a decision which is undoubtedly correct, in accord with a long line of similar decisions, and not unexpected by the Forest Service.

So much for this unfortunate document, with which, in our opinion, the President of the United States, beyond perfunctorily affixing his signature, had nothing, practically, to do.

References

IF BALLINGER READ the President's Spokane speech before it was delivered, did he forget the words of the Act of 1901?

"The Secretary of the Interior . . . is authorized and empowered, under general regulations to be fixed by him, to permit the use of rights of way through the public lands . . . [and certain] national parks, for electrical plants . . . for the generation and distribution of electrical power . . . provided that any permission given by the Secretary of the Interior under this act may be revoked by him or his successor in his discretion, and shall not be held to confer any right, or easement, or interest in, to, or over any public land, reservation, or park."

Did he also forget the words of the Attorney-General?

"I conclude, therefore, that you are authorized by the act of 1901 to make the granting of permits for the purposes contemplated by that act, dependent upon the payment, by the persons receiving such permits, of such charges as you may deem reasonable, for the purposes contemplated by the law."

Did he forget that his own office has been imposing such charges in national parks?

Mr. BALLINGER is not lazy. He showed his zeal for the Cunningham claimants by undergoing the fatigues of a transcontinental journey, the expense of the Washington hotels, and a considerable sacrifice of his valuable time. If you are interested in this whole situation, read page 790 of volume 31 of the Statutes at Large, and pages 421-426 of volume 26 of the Opinion of the Attorney-General.

Anecdote

WHEN MR. CRANE had been selected by Mr. TAFT, at the suggestion of WILLIAM KENT, there occurred the following conversation with a Senator from Illinois:

Mr. KNOX: "Senator, the Administration contemplates appointing CHARLES R. CRANE Minister to China. What do you think?"

The Senator: "Let me see; what is the salary?"

Mr. KNOX: "\$12,000."

The Senator: "Oh, Mr. Secretary, a place like that ought to go to one of the boys that do the real work."

That Budget

THE TORIES IN ENGLAND are more divided among themselves than they were a few weeks ago about the advisability of fighting the budget in the House of Lords. An influential part of them now prefer to allow the Commons to do as they like and trust to a victory before the people to undo the work. Meantime the words "confiscation" and "Socialism" take the place of argument, as they have done for decades, on measures some of which were in the beginning essentially more radical than those now proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. JAMES BRYCE more than once introduced a measure to allow the ordinary British subject to walk on mountains when doing so implied no interference either with agriculture or with the privacy of the owner; but he was never able to have such a measure passed. It was looked upon as interference with the sacred rights of private property.

The Future

"EVEN IF," said HENRY GEORGE, "in a ruder state of society, the intelligence of one sex suffices for the management of common interests, the vastly more intricate, more delicate, and more important questions which the progress of civilization makes of public moment requires the intelligence of women as of men, and that we never can obtain until we interest them in public affairs. . . . Very much of the inattention, the flippancy, the want of conscience, which we see manifested in regard to public matters of the greatest moment, arises from the fact that we debar women from taking their proper part in these matters." The arguments of those who fundamentally oppose woman's suffrage are every year coming to be looked upon as more absurd. We laugh at the idea that FRED BUSSE is a better municipal housekeeper

than JANE ADDAMS, or CHARLEY MURPHY than FLORENCE KELLEY. The only question fairly in dispute is one of pace. Among two intelligent groups one asks for the franchise at once, as a natural right, the other says it would better come step by step, extending with experience, and being the result of education rather than far preceding it. On one side are the militant suffragists; on the other are those, like IDA TARBELL, who, seeing no value in agitation, would prefer to see the suffrage grow through woman's increased use of her present opportunities and the gradual filtering through the community of belief based upon such work as women are doing in groups in some cities and in others single-handed.

Ad. for a City

NEW ORLEANS is one of the most interesting, certainly the most picturesque, of Southern cities. It is growing marvelously, too. Modern office buildings are being rapidly substituted for the squat architecture of ante-bellum days. With the growth of water commerce on the Mississippi, which is likely, in the present spirit of protest against railroad rates, to exceed anything the Mississippi has known, New Orleans is apparently to be a great metropolis. It claims now a population of 375,000. The waters of twenty thousand miles of navigable rivers, from the Lakes to the Gulf, flow past its municipally-owned docks. Its exports of sugar, cotton, lumber, and rice make its levee a scene of lively animation. The city is expending twenty-five million dollars for sewerage, drainage, and water-works. Even our Western cities do not top this spirit of municipal enterprise. New Orleans rejoices in bank clearings of a billion. Its comparative proximity to the Panama Canal greatly favors its future growth. Already the stimulus of the Canal is sensibly felt in the ports of the Gulf and the Pacific.

Ramifications

THE HENEY ISSUE in San Francisco is not merely whether foolish Calhoun slanders will be believed by a public which has cause to know HENEY. It is not merely whether the prosecution of corrupt business men and politicians shall cease. There is a large political bearing. A defeat for HENEY would mean another of those Southern Pacific victories which have so often weakened the spirit of California. If HENEY wins—and once more we predict he will—his election will be owing to a popular uprising. As in the case of Judge LINDSEY of Denver, last fall, that uprising will be due in a large measure to the courage and loyalty of the good women of San Francisco. They are not afraid of the punishment of the machine or of its scorn. They are fighting for the youth of San Francisco, for their own sons.

Foremost Files of Time

ANOTHER RECORD GONE. An Indiana man has, by four minutes, broken the world's record for continuous piano playing. He performed unceasingly for thirty-six hours and thirty-six minutes. When the eater of oysters on a wager crams himself to illness the bystanders suffer physically no detriment. In this case the piano player was a wreck, but will recover. What about the listeners?

Purpose in Poetry

THE VERMONT BARD is not sulking in his tent. He has been heard from. In the person of J. D. he enters the Prohibition fray. He prints his message on a post card. It sings the liquor question in Montpelier:

"That is a place of great import,
Where the sons of Bacchus now resort
With song and story, jest and wit,
They take their ease and drink their split.

"Here tell their joys and also woes,
And bang each other on the nose,
Wonder why in life they fail,
Curse their luck and go to jail."

That as individuals the drinkers are not always evil is implied, perhaps, in this:

The best of men may sometimes slip,
That carry wet goods on their hip,
Who paint the town a brilliant red,
And kick the dashboard off the bed."

That this is a twentieth-century John Donne, the initials rather than the verses indicate.

Progress

THE BRITISH CITIZEN'S table, according to Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, equals that of LUCULLUS. His newspaper makes the newsbearer of AUGUSTUS look ridiculous; machinery redeems his toil; libraries and galleries are free to him, and his children are educated for almost nothing. Steam and electricity do for him what fairies and genii did for the favored few in fable. The leading English economist, MARSHALL, says the modern suburban artisan's cottage contains sleeping accommodation far superior to that of the gentry in the Middle Ages; and in those days the working-class had no beds other than loose straw, reeking with vermin, and resting on damp mud floors. Cheaper glass has meant more light. Coal has meant that even the comparatively poor can keep warm, and, by allowing cheap underclothing to be made, it has also rendered cleanliness a possibility. The poor man now has light for the use of his evening leisure; his employment, contrary to a

general opinion, is probably more steady; his wife and children, also contrary to a general opinion, do a less amount of undesirable labor than before modern machinery was invented. As President HADLEY puts it: "The factory system has not created the abuses which are charged against it; it has created the opportunity of holding employers responsible for their prevention." Removable evils remain in human life, but they are less now than ever before, and they will continue to decrease.

Behind the Veil

A YOUNG INDIAN, studying in England, writes in a private letter:

"I wish we could come more in contact with the hard-headed, businesslike American or German, who would tell us how we, with our brilliant, versatile ability, might rise in the scale of nations."

He does not care for the influence of the missionaries, thinking their gospel of unworldliness one which is already held in India to the verge of weakness. "We do not want dry philosophy of inaction; we want action." Even in the days of the Buddha there were the Charvakas, who called the Vedas humbug, but this practical attitude has always been held by a very small minority. The general spirit is that expressed in one of the ancient books:

"As in the great ocean, one piece of driftwood meets another, and often meeting they again part from one another, such is the meeting of creatures."

In the West this point of view is exceptional and often the work of youth: "Nothing new, nothing true, and no matter." Two college philosophers were conversing over their demi-tasses and cigarettes, in a picture by DU MAURIER. "What would life be without coffee?" one sighed. "Yes," the other said, "and what is life, even with coffee?" Into such questioning, with which mainly we are impatient, goes a huge mass of the best thought of Asia. An intelligent British clergyman, writing in the "Contemporary Review" about the spiritual forces in India, uses the word "dim," happily, to express the thought and the ideals of the country. Is it depth that makes the mystery, or is it the pertinacity and quietness with which generation after generation take seriously moral ideas which to the West are only a flavor, as it were, or a background, to reality?

Spain's War

THE RIFF is that part of northern Morocco which, rising steep and rough from the Mediterranean, has been the great protection of the savage tribes with whom Spain is now in conflict. From Rifian, or inhabitant of this region, the English word "ruffian" is derived. The intellectual view of these gentlemen is the view of pirates. Secure in their natural fastnesses, they have for centuries defied civilization, feebly represented by the Spaniards in their few points of occupation, "Presidios," along the coast. Our own exchange of courtesies with the Barbary pirates, in the time of President JEFFERSON, will be remembered. Spain has been after them almost since the Crusades. As it is put by a lucid foreign critic, "Long before the Moors were finally expelled from Spain, the Christians were carrying their arms, as a matter of course, across the water and attacking the Moslems at their base." After the capture of Granada the conquest of the Barbary coast became definitely a purpose. FERDINAND and ISABELLA annexed Melilla in 1496. CHARLES V beat down the corsair BARBAROSSA and captured Tunis. Among the points secured by Spain on the Riff coast in the following generations, Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, is strategically the most important. Melilla, which offers the difficult but only entrance to the interior, was formerly a penal settlement. The attempt of the tribes to dislodge the Spaniards from their precarious footing on the coast was frequently renewed, and the Europeans, in their turn, sometimes undertook expeditions inland, as, for instance, in 1859 and 1894, resulting in treaties which never were enforced.

The Present Situation

WHEN FRANCE BEGAN peacefully to penetrate Morocco, Spain naturally became worried—and her dissatisfaction was increased by the Algeiras Conference and the taking up of arms by France over the Casablanca incident. The Sultan has failed to maintain order in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlements. Spain therefore extended her positions near Melilla, taking the great lagoon called the Mar Clirea, occupied the old Roman post of La Restingua, and took the Zaffarine Islands and Cape del Agua. Ostensibly these occupations were to be temporary, but as they command the large river Muluya, long desired as a boundary by the French, the tribes took alarm, especially at the steps for commercial development which were being taken alike by the Spanish and by the French, and executed the massacres which began the present war. The Moors, in several months of fighting, have shown a power which makes the Spanish army of fifty thousand men inadequate, and yet Spain can not retire without abandoning the new points of occupation and the mines which they protect, a course of conduct which editorial writers in other countries are ready to advise, but which it is safe to say no country on earth would follow for itself. Moreover, it is plausibly predicted that if Spain is defeated, France will become involved, both on the coast and along the frontier of Algeria. The contest apparently will be maintained, either until a stronger position is conquered by Spain or until the internal divisions in Morocco make it possible for negotiations to end the struggle.

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Whether the execution at Barcelona, Spain, of Dr. Ferrer, the educator and anarchist, was or was not a crime, it was probably a blunder, as radical outbreaks, anti-clerical demonstrations, and newspaper and popular protests increase in number and vigor in several of the European countries. On his last day in Potsdam Orville Wright flew for the Kaiser, in spite of a high wind which swept the field. The word "Hush" had been whispered so sibilantly and in so many different languages that the James M. Barrie divorce suit reached international importance. He has obtained his divorce from his actress wife. It is reported that Captain Roald Amundsen will use polar bears to draw his sledges on his next polar expedition. Some time ago Captain Amundsen made a contract with Carl Hagenbeck for twenty ice bears three years old. England's famous leader of the militant suffragists, Mrs. Pankhurst, is visiting the United States through November. It is the purpose of her American tour to stir our women into more pronounced activity and agitation. A hurricane devastated the southern coast of Florida on October 11, and in its track wrecked the city of Key West. In Nicaragua, Juan Estrada, named as provisional president, has appointed a cabinet. It is thought that President Zelaya will be forced to flee the country. A private letter from near the "seat of Government" states: "Don Ricardo stands for, say, Theodore Roosevelt, Iglesias for William Taft. Any talk you may hear of Jimenez being a menace to the country on account of his friendship for Zelaya is pure bosh. All hands, foreigners and

The Week

natives, enemies and friends alike, agree that Jimenez is an honorable, upright, justice-loving man." Assuring the citizens of Arizona that he is with them in the fight for Statehood, Mr. Taft took the opportunity, during his stay at Phoenix, to give some good advice how to make a constitution. Evidently with the master work of Oklahoma in mind, he warned the people against including in that document all the limitations of government that are usually included in the statute. He pleaded for a fundamental law with simple rules of limitation. The Portola Festival opened blithely in San Francisco on October 19. The announcement is made by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway that, for the year which ended June 30, 27,000,000 passengers were carried over its rails without a single fatality. The most definite item in the New York campaign has proved to be the charges against Judge Gaynor by William M. Ivins. Mr. Ivins in his public speech said: That Justice Gaynor conspired with Senator McCarren and Eugene Wood, representing racing interests, to nullify the Anti-Gambling law. That Justice Gaynor met McCarren and Wood in the Hoffman House on June 11, 1908, immediately after the passage of the bill by the Legislature, and conferred with them until 3 o'clock in the morning. San Francisco has a three-cornered race for mayor. The candidates are Dr. T. B. W. Leland, Democrat; P. H. McCarthy, Union Labor; and William Crocker, Republican. The campaign has been further heightened by the candidacy for District Attorney of Francis J. Heney, the "Graft Prosecutor"

The Melting Pot

THE younger and hotter bloods of the Liberals are spoiling for a fight with the Lords. Winston Churchill, president of the Board of Trade, said recently: "When the bill leaves the House of Commons, it will leave in its final form, and no amendment by the House of Lords will be entertained. We shall make no overtures to the House of Lords and shall accept no compromise." John Redmond, leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons, ventured the gentle assertion that the destruction of the House of Lords would remove the last obstacle to home rule. Keir Hardie, labor member in the House of Commons, stated on October 18: "So long as the King stays outside of party politics he does no harm and can be tolerated, but the moment he begins to interfere in politics it is not only the peers' coronets that will go into the melting pot. The crown will go along with them."

Humbling the Eiffel Tower

THE aeroplane has added one more piece of audacity to its spectacular career. In a Wright biplane Count de Lambert on October 18 sailed from Juvisy two hundred feet over the Eiffel Tower and back again. His total distance for the round trip was 31 miles, his time 49 minutes and 39 seconds, and his height varying from 300 to 1,300 feet. Orville Wright was at Juvisy on the Aerodrome to watch the return of his brother's triumphant pupil, who exclaimed as he alighted:

"Long live the United States; for it is to her that I owe this success."

With Liberty Statue circled, Grant's Tomb, the Hudson River, and New York Harbor motored over, the Channel crossed, and now the Eiffel Tower humbled, the high fliers will soon exhaust natural objects, monuments, and bodies of water.

The Campaign

THE New York campaign resolves itself into the question: "Are you for or against Tammany?" The opposition to Justice Gaynor, for instance, is not really concerned with whether he is a sincere and honest man, but with the extent to which Tammany will be able to hush and dominate his earnestness. The three candidates—Mr. Hearst, Mr. Bannard, and Justice Gaynor—are running neck and neck.

The campaign has been excitable rather than bitter. William M. Ivins has made his usual contribution of unencumbered vivacity to the gaiety of the boroughs. The candidacy of Mr. Hearst has changed a dull and one-sided occasion into a lively and problematical event, challenging national and even international interest.

Two views of Mr. Hearst are current. One is a distrust of his newspapers, as sometimes inaccurate, untruthful, impure and sensational, and a distrust of the man, as one willing to make unholy alliances to advance his own ambitions, a man with some bitterness of heart, finding vent from time to time in scorching criticism of many of his contemporaries. The other view is that he has been a voice, even if a raucous and occasionally embittered voice, of the poor. He has told of the sufferings and injustice in their life. It has been hard even for his admirers to find him what Lincoln Steffens found Gene Debs, "a lover of the race." But if he has to some seemed cold and metallic in his radicalism, he has had a definite program of alterations, reforms, and innovations.

Tammany has modeled an exhibit and issued literature, alleging that the city has been well run and inexpensively run. The campaign book says:

"Small New York City be run to suit the people or to suit a smug and self-opinionated minority of salaried reformers, political cast-offs, franchise dealers, corporation agents masquerading as 'researchers,' and hungry Republicans?" "It is a choice between Promise and Performance, between Dreaming and Doing, between Rainbows and Results."

The New York campaign has seized the imagination of England, and the London "Nation" in its issue of October 9 has a brilliant study called "Tammany Again."

"In every New York Mayoralty election the problem of problems is either to get Tammany out, or to prevent it from getting in."

"Tammany will always exist."

"What is Tammany, and why? How is it that in an English-speaking community an organization that is a synonym all the world over for every form of political viciousness has never yet been defeated twice running?"

Then the "Nation" answers its own question of Why is Tammany?

"Tammany has an unsurpassable organization. As a mere piece of mechanism it holds its own with the German General Staff, the Roman Curia, and the Mormon hierarchy. From the omnipotent Boss to the humblest worker in the rank and file, there is a graduated descending scale of power and responsibility."

"The poor of New York look upon Tammany as a sort of multiplied Santa Claus, a mysteriously beneficent



The Muzzled Diplomat

Charles R. Crane, Chicago citizen and business man, who was appointed Minister to China, and then recalled and dismissed by Secretary Knox for alleged indiscreet talking

body, that in return for a paltry vote will radiate good-fellowship and practical help, will pay a man's rent and doctor's bills, will give him a start in trade, or find a job for him in the municipal service, or 'see him through' when he is in trouble with the police. And Tammany really does do all this. It succeeds where most amateur philanthropy fails; it gets among the poor and befriends them without once seeming condescending or self-righteous.

"Trading on the merry and imperturbable cynicism with which New Yorkers regard politics and politicians, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the feverish, pleasure-loving, Pagan population over which it rules, gathering round it an enormous number of beneficiaries from all classes—rich contractors and destitute aliens—whose interests are wrapped up in maintaining it in power, and filling its exchequer by blackmail, the sale of offices, the sale of immunity to every species of law-breaker, and percentages on the incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind every sphere, however insignificant, of municipal activity—the wonder is not that

Tammany should sometimes win, but that it should ever be defeated."

The country is still puzzling over the charges made by Congressman Herbert Parsons of a deal between Speaker Cannon and the Tammany Congressmen.

E. H. Madison, Congressman from the Seventh Kansas District, was quoted as saying on October 16:

"Speaker Cannon's bargain with Tammany, as charged by Representative Herbert Parsons of New York, was common Washington gossip, and was generally accepted as true in both branches of Congress, at the White House, and in the departments."

"The insurgents made a fight for their lives to revise those rules last spring. We had little hope of defeating Cannon for Speaker. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be elected, but we hoped to change the rules so that his domination would not control the actions of that body. We had twenty-eight Republican votes, and the Democrats were with us. With the Democrats, we had a majority of four or five for a revision of the House rules."

"Then the Cannon organization got busy with Tammany. There was no doubt of our strength, and Cannon knew it, so, in order to win, the Speaker had to get Democratic votes. At that time we did not know what the deal was, but it was common gossip, and every one about Washington believed, that a deal had been made with the Tammany Democrats to save the old rules."

The Reign of Peace

THE Springfield "Republican" points out that rarely has an "era of good feeling" started in with so much tang as Mr. Taft's reign of peace. He might have brought in the millennium with a rush, so a few retardations have been applied. There was the Pinchot-Ballinger setback. Then, lauding Aldrich and defending the new tariff law made the Middle Western newspapers, and people buzz with wrath. Congressman Parsons let loose at the venerable figure of Cannon. And now they have shot Mr. Crane down, before he got started. Charles R. Crane had been appointed Minister to China, and was on his way when he was summoned to Washington and dismissed by Secretary Knox. Mr. Knox stated that Mr. Crane had told a newspaper reporter that the United States was preparing to protest against some features of the recent agreements between China and Japan in relation to Manchuria, because those features adversely affected American interests.

In his public statement on the dismissal, Secretary Knox admitted that the Department of State was making a study of the Chinese-Japanese agreements, and that no decision had as yet been reached.

Hands Across the Border

FEW recent royal meetings have been so picturesque as the handshaking of Mr. Taft and President Diaz at El Paso on October 16. In the Chamber of Commerce Building, with Governor Creel of the State of Chihuahua for interpreter, the rulers exchanged their first greetings. Later, across the Rio Grande River, in the Mexican settlement of Ciudad Juarez, they picked up the threads of talk again and ate a State dinner, where the silver and gold service was the same as graced the days of the Emperor Maximilian. It is valued at a million dollars.

Neutrality was declared over the El Chamizal territory, which has been in dispute because of the aberrations of the Rio Grande River. Neither American nor Mexican flag troubled the air of the contested section during the day of the Presidential meeting.

Except when Theodore Roosevelt stepped over the border in Panama, this was the first time in history that a President of the United States has stepped on foreign soil and enjoyed the hospitality of a foreign government.

Mr. Taft spoke of "a vast neutral zone of peace."

President Diaz, in his banquet greeting, said: "This visit which his Excellency President Taft makes to Mexico will mark an epoch in the history of Mexico. We have had some very eminent American visitors, such as General Ulysses Grant and the Hon. Messrs. Seward and Root, but never have we seen on our soil the

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

first Magistrate of the great American Union. Such a proof of international courtesy, which Mexico appreciates and esteems in all of its worth and meaning, will be from to-day a happy precedent for Latin-American republics to cultivate constant and cordial relations among themselves, with us, and with all other countries of the continent."

On the preceding evening, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, Mr. Taft encountered some skeptics on the subject of Statehood. They doubted the sincerity of the Republican Party in its purposes for New Mexico and Arizona. One of the doubting gentlemen had used the word "possible" for New Mexico's entrance. Mr. Taft was displeased by the episode, and said:

"The gentleman across the table used the term 'possible' as if he still suspects my sincerity and good-will. Well, of course a man can not do any more than promise and then try and carry it out. I do think that you may have had in times past reason to complain because of promises made that were not fulfilled. I do not know. I am not sufficiently versed in your history, and, therefore, perhaps you have a right to distrust me; but heretofore I have tried to tell the truth, tried to carry out such promises as I have made."

Ferrer

PROFESSOR FRANCISCO FERRER, revolutionist, educator, anarchist, was shot to death by soldiers at Barcelona on October 13. He had been condemned by court-martial on the charge of inciting the Barcelona riots of the summer of 1909. Ferrer had been director of the Modern School of Barcelona. His name had long been associated with revolutionary teachings.

Provinces of Italy and sections of Paris were stirred by the news of the execution. In Paris there were riots, and a policeman was shot. Radicals throughout the world denounce the execution as unjust.

Professor Ferrer belongs to the same order of thinkers as Prince Kropotkin, William Morris, and many other humanitarians.

With the fortune of a rich wife Ferrer started modern and secular schools in many sections of Spain. By the time of his death, they numbered several score. In them he taught scorn of church and state. The "Escuela Moderna" was the name of this system of modern education. He was a Catalanian, forty-one years old, when he started the schools, and was a philosophical anarchist. For five years he went up and down the land sowing his schools and ideas.

On May 31, 1906, a man named Morales tried to kill the King and Queen of Spain. Morales after his act was sheltered by Nakens, a teacher in the school of Ferrer.

Both Ferrer and Nakens were put on trial. Ferrer was acquitted. Lately he had joined to his activities in the schools work in translating foreign books of science. He had turned into Spanish seventy-six of them, some of them rather too daring in their criticism of existing institutions.

So he was arrested and tried before a military tribunal for alleged complicity with the Barcelona riots. His schools were closed, and the machinery of his printing plant wrecked.

The Unmuzzled Editors

THE Indianapolis editors have won their fight in the Panama libel suit. The United States Government had applied to have them removed to Washington, District of Columbia.

Judge A. B. Anderson of the United States Court in the Indianapolis District denied the Government's application.

Delavan Smith and Charles R. Williams, proprietors of the Indianapolis "News," had published articles alleging that there was a corrupt profit of \$28,000,000 in the sale of the Panama Canal to the United States. The newspaper's articles had charged that Douglas Robinson, William Nelson Cromwell, Charles P. Taft, and other "intimate friends of President Roosevelt" had knowledge of this "swindle," as it was called in the editorials, by which a "gang of speculators" had "robbed their country."

Judge Anderson held that the prosecuting authority should not have the power to select the tribunal, if there were more than one to select from, at the capital of the nation. And he held that the Government should not have the power to drag citizens from distant States to Washington for trial.

The Judge, like many another citizen, wonders what really happened in the Canal Zone. He is puzzled by the swift change in value of the Panama property, the

first offer setting its price at one hundred million dollars, and the price, a little later, dropping to forty millions. He states that Mr. Cromwell's attitude on the witness-stand gave "just ground for suspicion. I am suspicious about it now."

The Cloud-Compeller

WILBUR WRIGHT, who is daily doing little flights of danger, little tricks of skill on the Fort Myer drill ground, made one new gyration on October 12. He flew a complete circle in 17 3-5 seconds, then threw in another circle, for good measure, in 19 1-5 seconds. To make the circle required about 850 feet of circumference, on a radius of about 135 feet.

Just for an instant, the other day, Wright let his thoughts out of the strong box. In a sudden flare-up of scientific imagining, he glimpsed the future, and said:

"When aviation has progressed far enough there is no reason why an aviator should not mount to the clouds in his aeroplane, cut off the motor, and then soar in circles and spirals over ascending currents of air like the great birds, sail on for a period of time, with no exertion of energy, then at his will restart the motor and return safely to earth. I expect in a few years to be able to do this myself, and my brother Orville, with his flights, is already preparing to do this."

Up to July, 1908, the record aeroplane high flight along a level line was twenty-two feet, and now the good fliers, who know how to warp their wings, can pick their course at pretty much any altitude they wish up to a third of a mile above ground.

One hundred and fifty thousand Parisians, wishing to see men fly, went to Juv'ay on Sunday, October 10, and wrecked trains in getting there. The tendency now is to

for Dr. Cook to cash in popular enthusiasm on an achievement in dispute.

The blow may be countered, but it is a body blow, whose dull thud will be heard around the world. No answer from Dr. Cook to the charges will now be accepted by the judicious short of exact records and observations, O.K.'d by a scientific body.

Commander Peary states that Dr. Cook struck no farther northward than 81° 30'—a mild and equable latitude compared with Polar rigors. On Peary's findings, Dr. Cook failed of the Pole by 500 miles.

He pictures the Brooklyn physician as pointed southward when the words of his mouth were alleging a Polar dash. He submits a map which gives the Bushwick explorer a tame and innocuous route and winter tarrying-place, biding by the stuff, with no heady charge on the Great Nail.

Peary believes that the Polar dash was impossible because of the demand that the subsistence of three men and more than twenty dogs during a journey of 1,040 geographical miles be carried on less than two sledge-loads of supplies.

George Kennan develops the same charge. He analyzes the food supply of the now famous "eighty-four days."

"If the reasoning upon the facts above set forth is sound, it was not possible for Dr. Cook's party to stay eighty-four days in the field, and to traverse eleven hundred and forty miles of polar ice with the ten hundred and eighteen pounds of dog food and provisions that they carried on their two sledges." He states that the supplies would have given the men and dogs only eight ounces a day per capita, and "this while they were doing hard work on circumpolar ice in temperatures that ranged from 40 to 60 degrees below zero."

No man and no dog has ever lived and worked for twelve weeks, under polar conditions, on eight ounces of pemmican, or its equivalent, per day."

The "Globe" of New York has been publishing a series of "revelations" made by Barrill, the man who was guide, companion, and friend of Dr. Cook on the Mount McKinley trip. He has made affidavit that the two of them did not go within fourteen miles of the top of the mountain, and that his diary was doctored.

On October 15 Dr. Cook received the freedom of the city at the hands of the Board of Aldermen of New York. He was called the man who had solved the "mystery of the ages."

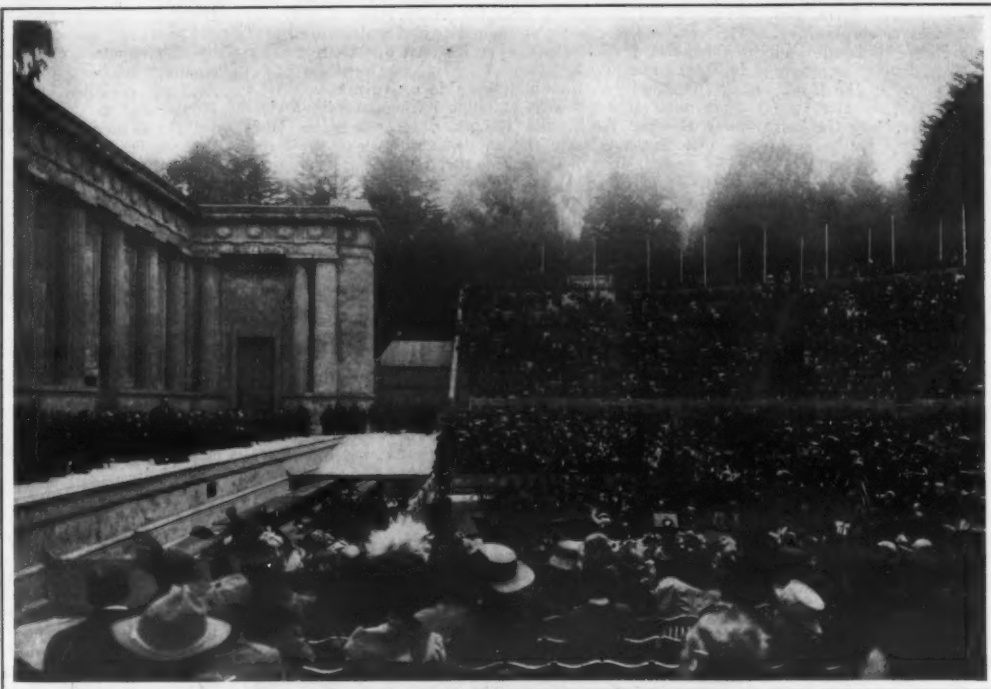
Noonezhoozi

NATURAL bridges have been more or less famous throughout the world ever since the people of Europe got acquainted with the history of Virginia. In the "Augusta," located in White Cañon, in southeastern Utah, it was thought until this summer that the title rested as the largest cañon span of nature's masonry.

But now there is another claimant, and the title it bears is "Noonezhoozi," which the discoverers say is the Navajo word for "King of Bridges." It lies in what is

the most mysterious and slightly explored region of the continent—the box cañon country in the extreme south-east of Utah, near the Colorado River. Extensive cliff-dweller ruins and three immense natural bridges had been the rewards of exploring parties prior to this summer. Dean Byron Cummings of the University of Utah headed the latest expedition which brought back word of the "Noonezhoozi." It was organized especially to hunt out the bridge, rumors of whose existence were heard in the southern country last year from the Indians. When finally they reached it the bridge was found to be a structure of red sandstone spanning an arroyo 274 feet wide and 300 feet deep. Its height was 75 feet more than that of the Augusta, the former title-holder.

In one way the bridge was discovered under propitious circumstances. W. B. Douglass, United States Examiner of Surveys, had just completed work in the region about the three formerly discovered bridges with a view of having them set apart as national monuments. Douglass joined the Cummings party at the trading station of John Wetherill in Oljato, Utah, and accompanied them to the great bridge. With one of the students as his assistant, Douglass made measurements of the bridge and surveyed the country around it. It is entirely probable that before any other white men have been near it, the latest of the known wonders will be taken into Uncle Sam's especial custody and it will be spared the experiences of devastation through which so many other of the natural curiosities have passed before gaining final protection. The bridge is midway between the Colorado River and the Navajo Mountain, a lonely peak projecting out of the desert not far from the Utah-Arizona line.



President Taft at the University of California

In an address to the students of this institution on October 5, in the Greek Theater, the President referred to a visit he had made to Berkeley in 1900, en route to the Philippines, and said: "The future was as dark and obscure as possible then, and if any man had said that that trip would land me in the Presidency of the United States, I should have felt like characterizing him as a falsifier or as a man without sense."

a glut of flying "weeks" on too few aviators. The "weeks" are coming along at a rattling pace in many countries. Berlin, Juvisy, Blackpool are a few of the recent "weeks"—none of which equaled the brilliant success of Reims.

There are more jobs than men in aviation. Each of these "weeks" needs a score or more of fliers—Wanted: Men to Soar. Here are the men, all too few, who fly at exhibitions: Fournier, Tissandier, S. F. Cody, Paulhan, Breguet, Blériot, Sommer, De Lambert, Delagrangue, Glenn Curtiss, Rougier, Henri Farman, Bunau-Varilla, Latham. These are the men who make flying "weeks" successful. There are not enough to go around very much.

Eskimo Tale-Bearers

AT LAST Commander Peary has released his charge against Dr. Cook. He bases his set of charges on the testimony and chart of the two Eskimo lads who were the companions of Dr. Cook on his northern journey. Part of the proof consisted of each Eskimo boy tracing with his finger on a chart the course of the little Polar party.

The accused man and his interests were not represented when the testimony was taken. It is conceivable, and perhaps probable, that the lads would know what sort of testimony was being sought after by a rival explorer.

With that much said in judicial fairness, there is no question that the evidence is weighty enough to check Dr. Cook in his lecture junketing, if he is a man who desires a clean name. With so sincere and serious a body of circumstantial testimony, public opinion as represented in the newspapers begins to find it bad taste

THIS is the
have be
people is to

TWO
men
overt
spirals
with

the big wa
the land—
water for

drinking w
other men
the waterfa
Don't forge
radio literat
twice over t
the coming

what they
took the sa
the wayside
fighting at
in a single
and he wou
handed him
lords forest

what the la
wealth that
certain to
covenant of
whether the
now that c
want a shut
to prosper—
process to
the Suprem
but the St
isn't enough
there were
people as i
turn the w
permit the
basis absol
tween the c
wealth and
That is th
legislature
years. Tha
to come u
the next ty

T
TO SAY
of all
available p
some ring
me by an
sweet—and
all the mo
doesn't ma
called ever
"public be
people isn't
for irrigati
factory, fo
mine, char
thing a ma
Why, out
are putting
haul the fi
ample of w
going to m
years.

"We don
irrigation
into civiliz
a leading
Power Com
"Underst
ervation a
and we ac
in conserve
ervation
ording to
anteed by
If your p
ailed, why
investor o
brought ab
out legally
decisions m
rights mus
rights be
there will
invested hi
for his ris
levied on c
contemplat
then it mu
fall on the
domain an
might be s
ways. Our
lands whic
lation at o
this would
Private ca

Oct. 30

The Fight for Water in the West

The Water Lord, and the Water Hog, and the War for the Water Hole

THIS is the second of a series of four papers giving the results of a careful investigation into the question of "why water is literally the life-blood of the growing West," how and why the people have been selling their birthrights to unscrupulous speculators, and the danger from soulless greed that is now menacing the people's interests and rights. To preserve these rights for the people is the underlying principle of the heroic fight Gifford Pinchot is making, in the course of which he recently encountered and valiantly opposed Secretary Ballinger of the Interior Department.

By AGNES C. LAUT

IT WOULD be a big mistake to think that the big men of the power and irrigation projects entertain overt hostility to the public or cherish secret conspiracy "to salt" the buyers of power and water with "a gold brick." That is the kind of talk that the big water men designate as "twaddle." The law of the land—or the lack of law—permitted them to take water for power and irrigation purposes free—free as drinking water. Their foresight discerned the day that other men refused to see—when the irrigating ditch and the waterfall would be more valuable than the gold mine. Don't forget that land under the irrigation ditch in Colorado literally and in terms of dollars produces more wealth twice over than Colorado mines! Their foresight discerned the coming developments, and, like Kipling's "Omar," "what they thought they might require, they went and took the same as me." Tell a man fifteen years ago that the wayside waterfall was to be harnessed up to deliver lightning at profits of one hundred per cent on investment in a single year where demand was keen and prices high—and he would have discredited you more than if you had handed him a "gold brick." These water lords foresaw and dared the risk—and took what the law allowed free as air—a form of wealth that flowed liquid gold day and night certain to all eternity, as the Almighty's covenant of the rainbow. The question isn't whether they were fools. The question is now that others see the same chance and want a share, and must have it if they are to prosper—is the law to permit the taking-process to go on? Water—by decision of the Supreme Court—belongs to the State; but the State is the people. Where there isn't enough water to go round; where, if there were enough water to go round, the people as individuals haven't the capital to turn the water into wealth—is the law to permit the taking-process to go on? What basis absolutely fair can be arranged between the capital that turns the water into wealth and the people, who own the water? That is the question which every State Legislature must answer in the next ten years. That is the question which is bound to come up in Congress every year for the next twenty.

The Name and the Fact

TO SAY there is no trust when the bonds of all the companies holding the best available power sites are controlled by the same ring of people is also—"twaddle." A name by any other name would smell as sweet—and so would a trust. What you all the men fighting round the water hole doesn't matter—I've heard them out West called every name, from "water hogs" to "public benefactors." What touches the people isn't the name—it's the fact—charges for irrigation waters, charges for light, for factory, for freight hauling, for heat, for mine, charges in power supplied for everything a man can eat or wear, buy or sell. Why, out in the great fruit valleys, they are putting through electric tramways to haul the fruit to market! That's one example of what water-power means; and it's going to mean a lot more in the next ten years.

"We don't deny that new developments in irrigation and water-power have brought into civilization problems new to law," said a leading officer of the Central Colorado Power Company to me.

"Understand, we are not opposed to conservation and forestry. They go together; and we acknowledge the benefit of both in conserved waters; but forestry and conservation must be construed strictly according to law—according to rights guaranteed by law to those on the ground.

If your property rights under the law may be asailed, why not the rights under the law of the small investor or the wage-earner? Conditions have been brought about new to civilization, which must be worked out legally and fairly, but it seems to me the conclusions must revolve round three points: (1) Vested rights must be regarded, because if the corporation's rights be brushed aside, so may the individual's, and there will be no security. Also the shareholder who has invested his money must be protected and given returns for his risk. (2) If it is decreed that a special tax be levied on corporations such as the Forestry Department contemplates levying on water-power as a fixed charge, then it must not be forgotten that additional tax will fall on the consumer. (3) If public utilities on public domain are to be regulated, then the middle ground might be such regulation of rates as controls the railroads. Our company have issued \$9,000,000 worth of bonds which are held all over the country; and any regulation at once brings up the question what per cent on this would be considered fair compensation for the risk? Private capital can not undertake such ventures. It has

failed again and again, and outside capital has had to come in. When the Forestry Department demands charges for keeping the right of way for our transmission lines in order—good! The company meets them half-way and cooperates; but when the Forestry Department levies charges for water-power transmitted, we are dealing with a matter of law. (1) The Supreme Court decrees that water is the property of the State. (2) In the early 60's and 70's, when all Colorado was public domain, Congress decreed by law that occupants should have rights to their ditches and rights of way for those ditches over public domain. (3) The law of '95, which transferred these lands to the Forestry Reserve, says proprietorship in rights of way and ditches shall not be affected by transfer from the public domain. The power companies will not pay charges on rights which they possessed under the law before the Forestry Department came into being. What the *modus operandi*

lic domain? That is our case at Glenwood Springs. It is perfectly true, there is not enough water to go round. For that very reason prior rights must be sacred. There must be no confiscation except for non-use; and I feel perfectly sure a middle ground will be found for a fair arrangement between the public and the vested interests. It need not be fought out. It can be worked out.

"Monopoly, no, there is no more monopoly than there is a monopoly in any other great specialty. If you had an oil proposition to finance, there are only half a dozen people in America you could go to, aren't there? If you had a flour machine invention, it is the same. So it is with water-power. Only a certain set of men are able to take hold of it—men of big capital and experience; and they ought not to be discouraged; for when the need is greatest, the small holders can't take hold of this thing themselves."

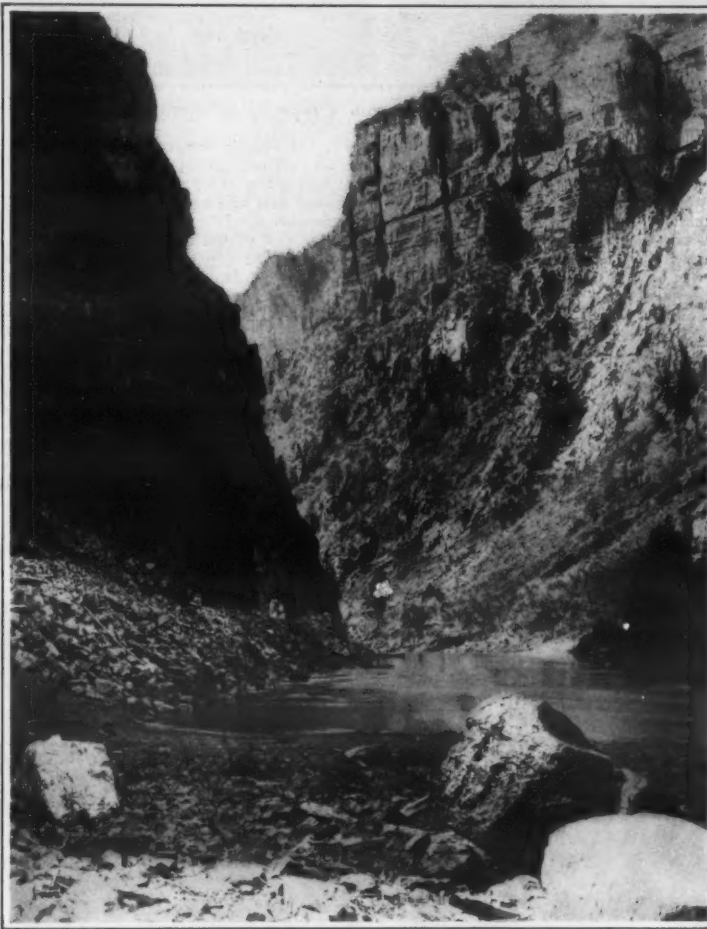
The fate of "poor" young engineers, who fell into the hands of bonding companies in North Carolina and Alabama, not being a particularly happy one, I made inquiries about the two sites taken over by the Central Colorado Power Company from first promoters. The best known one is probably that of Kremling, Gore Cañon, where the Moffat road got in on the ground of a perfect natural reservoir by obtaining right of way for its road-bed. Long ago, a young fellow in some underpaid position had filed for the power site at Kremling. He laid his project before an engineering concern of Denver, which formed a company and paid him either stock or cash to the extent of \$10,000 for his filing. Meanwhile, through the influence of Mr. Roosevelt, the Moffat road got right of way through the cañon, or what would be the reservoir basin; and the bottom fell out of the power project's bonds. It was at this stage the Central Colorado Power Company came in; and after a spectacular course in the courts, the railroad and the power company seem to have come to an understanding.

Federal Reclamation

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the Kremling power site. In May, 1904, the Kremling site was withdrawn from public domain to be reserved as a United States reclamation site with enormous storage capacity for the irrigation of some forty thousand acres. This has practically kept power locaters out, though the railroad came in, and all sorts of stories are told in the lobbies of Washington about the railroad running its bed along the cañon to beat out the Central Colorado Power Company. One hears a great deal of criticism against the Reclamation Service and the Federal Government generally for withdrawing and holding these sites for storage reservoirs out of the public domain where any person could file for entry and obtain them. On no point has the Government been more roundly abused for withdrawing a reservoir site than at Kremling. On no site has such keen ulterior pressure been brought to bear at Washington to have a site thrown open for public entry. Mr. Ballinger, it will be remembered, did put the power sites back into public domain, which had been withdrawn from public entry by President Roosevelt, but this was a reclamation reserve, and spite of pressure (up to the present) remains in reserve. Comment is unnecessary on the motives of this clamor. Six weeks later, under pressure from President Taft, Mr. Ballinger canceled his order, and the power sites were withdrawn from public entry. In the interval, were any of the power sites filed on the homestead entry and so lost from public control? The Department of the Interior has announced most emphatically that not one power site was so taken. As a matter of fact, the Washington office was not in a position to know, for the homestead entry could not be known at Washington within that time; and if it had been known, the department could not know whether the entry covered a power site or not, for the power sites have not been investigated.

In the most cursory way, I learned of at least two sites that had been filed upon as homestead entries at this time—one in Utah, one in southern Idaho—whether for purely homestead purposes or for power sites, it would be impossible to prove. In a third case, a man entered a Utah lawyer's office just a week after the order had been canceled, and asked if he might locate a power site.

As far as the Central Colorado Power Company was concerned, there was no injustice worked against "the underdog" at Kremling. How about Glenwood Springs, where the big plant is located? I give the exact words of a life-long resident of Glenwood Springs who has



A Natural Reservoir on the South Platte

This site will be worth thousands of dollars to the farmers if the people are able to keep the water companies from acquiring it; a very difficult thing to do, as the companies work the game both ends. When a company fails to get a power site, a settler goes in and homesteads; after he has proved up, the homestead goes into the hands of the power company. Without investigation, the Land Office can not know for what purpose entries are made

for the future is to be must be decided by the wisdom of the people and Congress. If the company having the rights and sites prior to the creation of the national forests are sued for trespassing, then the case can go to the courts and be decided once and for all.

The Hypothetical Poor Engineer

LET me give you a case that is not imaginary, but an actual case in one of the companies under our control. A poor young engineer comes out West. His foresight sees what others doubt and will not risk. He and his friends put money in a power plant. Then they borrow all their credit will stand and go ahead and build. They are ahead of their times—not enough demand for power yet. The venture fails as it has failed over and over again all over the country. They go East and appeal for outside capital. They get it. Bonds are issued as security. These bonds are held all over the Coast. Now comes a law conferring this site on the forest reserves. How would you like to pay a forced charge against your own investment for rights assured to you by law before the land was taken from the pub-

acted as surveyor and engineer for the company locating power sites all through Colorado. "I tell you plainly," he said to me at Glenwood, "the company has all the best power sites. There is no doubt of that. I've helped them to find those sites; and we people of Colorado have to look out; but we like them. They are a straight, clean company, and they have treated the first organizers with perfect honor. But that isn't the point. They are all good fellows; but good fellows could tie us up in a water trust that would make Standard Oil look like thirty cents. We have no guarantee that the present good officers will always control the company. Business is business, and we want to look out that we don't deed away what we'll need badly in the next ten years. The company will tell you that water belongs to the State, and can't be touched by Federal law; but don't you forget the State is us. They say there is no trust; but the owners of power-plant stock are the owners of the lighting and tramway companies that use the power, and if charges are too high for users, there's no kick coming; for there's profit out of it both ways to the inside ring."

The Value of "White Coal"

THE filing for the power site above Glenwood is a romance all ready to hand for the storyteller. De Reimer, an old railroad man of the Rio Grande, had had a fall out with his company and retired or been retired. He was as far down as luck could send him, and used to take consolation by wheeling out on his bicycle to fish along the road bordering the river. One day when the trout didn't rise a brilliant idea did. De Reimer didn't see the Shoshone Falls. He began seeing visions of "white coal." Next day he wheeled back to the forks with a biscuit-box on his handlebars and staked out his filing. The story goes he had not enough money for registration fee or survey. Local people at Glenwood came forward with loans to keep him on his feet. His old railroad gave him passes up and down to Denver, and in Denver he succeeded in getting some young engineers to organize a company. To the obliging friends he paid his debt in \$1,000 blocks of stock. Just as the Colorado Central Company's man had told me, the young engineers went ahead and borrowed and came to a place they could go no farther. One of them went East and interviewed Governor Herrick. The Central Colorado Power Company was formed; and to the first organizers either in stock or cash was paid dollar for dollar what they had owned, the share falling to De Reimer being from \$40,000 to \$50,000. The company was then bonded for \$9,000,000. I was several times asked in Colorado whether that \$9,000,000 represented the value of the machinery or the value of the water or a bonus.

The power company's statement of their attitude I laid before two different authorities—one a land office man not favorable to the Forest Service and therefore certainly not prejudiced against the Colorado Central Power Company, the other a politician very favorable to the forest policy, and one would suppose, at least critical of the power people. The comment of both was the very same, and I give it in brief:

The Vested Rights of the People

WHILE the laws of the 60's and 70's, on which the power people base their refusal to pay a special tax for power generated, guarantee rights to the company, they are the guarantee of one owner's rights against another owner's trespass, and not guarantee of an action against the State or the people.

If vested rights are to be regarded as sacred, then the State's ownership of water, the people's vested rights, must be regarded as sacred.

A tax against total investment would be a tax on watered stock, and so, though it might react back on the consumer, it would squeeze out watered capital.

As to Government regulation of power companies similar to Government regulation of railways, both critics asked if Government regulation of railways had been such a howling success as to recommend itself for power companies. Both critics pointed out that the Forestry Department had not attempted to levy a tax or demand a permit for companies located on the public domain before the creation of the forest reserves. All demanded from these companies was permit and pay for the right of way for transmission lines.

Grand Valley, Colorado, is one of the most conspicuous examples to-day of the struggle for corporation control as against Government, of the methods used in that struggle, and of the innocent investor being ground between the upper and nether millstone. There are also some amazing features of garbled evidence submitted for a legal verdict, of the "water hog" coming in and filing on water that he can not use himself to compel "a buy off."

It is a curious case, having to buy a hog off the supply of water for your own field. This is an irrigation struggle, though power features, of course, come in, lifting water to the high mesas and generating power from the diverted waters.

Picture a valley some thirty miles long, in no place wider than a few miles, banked high on each side by sheer walls of mountain redlands, topped and terraced by the sage-brush mesas. In this valley were deposited through prehistoric centuries tons and tons of mountain silt, mountain humus—fine as flour, rich as forest mold—a world of sleeping wealth waiting to be touched to life by the living waters. This valley is not a farm. It



The Power Plant at Shoshone with a capacity of 18,000 horse power

is a garden. It is not country. It is city and country combined. The houses are buried in trees. Next door to a retired New York editor you find a traveling man who does his traveling in a heavy motor-car, and goes abroad for his holidays and counts his wealth not in orders, but in apples. I said "next door," for few of the farms are larger than ten or twenty acres; but the angel with the drawn sword that stands guard at the portals of this valley is—lack of water. Cooperative efforts have been able to irrigate only the strip of low-lying lands down the middle.

Grand Valley and its Exploiters

THE terraced mesas on each side and the uplands lie bare, awaiting the coming of the high-line ditch; and if the ditch does not come, thousands of investors from East and West, who have bought this land on the basis of what the irrigated bottoms produce, will face ruin. With water this land produces from \$300 to \$1,500 worth of fruit an acre—fruit famed in New York and London and Paris as without peer. Without water this land will not produce fifteen cents an acre.

Here is the story of Grand Valley as I gathered it on the spot; and it was a most difficult story to gather, for

larger than ten acres, this meant providing homes for from 2,700 to 5,000 farmers. At this stage comes on the scene one T. C. Henry, a well-known Denver promoter, better known to the State at large as a professional filer for water right in the names of his family and friends, who permitted him to manage and reap the advantage of his priority. Henry through his ring of water-grabbers had the prior filing for Grand Valley—in all for some 1,200 feet of water. The next prior filing to his was that of the Water Users' Association of the valley—don't lose sight of that; for Henry's filing was only good for the number of feet actually used. His filing was in the interest of the Grand

Mesas Land, Canal and Power Company. He then opened negotiations with the Magenheims of Chicago, a bond house, for the building of the ditch. They formed the Orchard Construction Company, and it at once became a play of diamond cut diamond between Henry's interests and the Magenheims. Whether he refused to sell his filing to them at a reasonable price or they refused to deed him sufficient stock in the construction concern, the two fell out.

Patience and Purse Exhausted

ANYWAY, the Magenheims got control of sufficient stock in Henry's company to have the directors transfer Henry's water rights without any purchase whatever. Henry at once sued. The thing was settled out of court, leaving Henry the richer by some \$40,000 for water rights which were not worth a dime without a right of way over the land granted by the Water Users. In fact, Henry's filings are one of the most extraordinary features in the war over the water hole of the West. One of his filings had the line laid out in the middle of the river fifty feet above the surface of the water, a case either of survey on paper or survey in air; and some authorities hold that the filing on which the Magenheims are basing their claim to the Grand Valley project is also faulty, technically and legally. With 450 feet of Henry's filing, the Magenheims had gone ahead with an irrigation ditch for 12,000 acres south of the river; but the magnificent mesas of 54,000 acres on the other side were the grand prize for which the corporation was laying its plans.

It will be noticed that up to this point Grand Valley—the finest fruit section in Colorado—was merely a football between two exploiters, a very profitable football to one side, considering that the registration fee cost only \$2, and prospectively a thousand-fold more profitable to the other party if it could get a cinch on the Water Users, compelling them to grant right of way for the ditch.

By 1907 the people of Grand Valley had grown tired of waiting for corporations to settle their quarrels, and they sent representatives to Washington, urging Secretary Garfield to take some action. It was not only a matter of exhausted patience. It was a matter of exhausted purse; for on the Government reserving Grand Valley as a reclamation project in 1902, thousands of settlers had come in under the Reclamation Act, and the orchard lands in private ownership had made a jump in value from a few dollars an acre to \$100 and \$300 and even \$500.

In Favor of Government Control

SECRETARY GARFIELD made two propositions to the people: First, he would restore all land to general entry, the Government would step out and private capital could go ahead—namely, the Magenheims; or second, he would set aside \$50,000 for surveys and go ahead as a Government project just as fast as the funds came in. At a mass-meeting in Grand Valley the people unanimously decided for Government as against corporation control. Why?

1. Under Government control there would be no \$6 interest an acre charge against the bonding of a \$100 an acre.

2. The total Government charge might be as low as \$4 an acre, and at highest could not exceed \$6. Under corporation management the pumping charges for lift to the high levels would be \$6 an acre for the first lift of 125 feet and more than \$6 for the next 100 feet.

3. When the people signed for a reclamation project they granted free right of way for the ditch across their orchards on the lower level. Under corporation management, this right of way would add another half million to the cost.

4. Under Government control, when the users would have paid the charge of \$6 an acre for ten years, they would own their ditch. Under corporation control, at the end of ten years, they would have to begin and pay off the bonds.



Site of the Central Colorado Power Company's Dam

This is the spot where De Reimer, an old railroad man of the Rio Grande, first had visions of "white coal." The dream which came to him, as he fished here one day with poor luck, brought him in \$50,000

every man was afraid to speak less he offend some of the fighting factions, as though the case should not stand on its merits independent of any office-holder's bludgeon or cudgel.

I shall give no personal statements, but all the facts set down may be verified in documents filed at Washington, particularly in Attorney-General Wickersham's decision that it would not be legal for the Government to go on with the irrigation project of Grand Valley.

In September, 1902, \$10,000 was appropriated by the Federal Government for the examination of the valley, and it was favorably reported by the reclamation engineers for the irrigation of some 54,000 acres under a high line ditch. As few of the fruit ranches exceed twenty acres in area and give best results when not

But fun
Secretary
they would
vance \$125
as as fund
irrigated l
on the dit
work to p

ENGINE
had had
field step
Immedi
stopped.
holding H
the projec
filing was
used, and
heimers ri

T
in the reg
and the n
he interv
witness-st
the Las A
was printe
ends on p
His bla
an unlight
were thru
opinion the
since the
ported from
his attitud
that make
He had
as inexpl
was know
Press Club
in mining
while they
And his
ankles to
and smoo
When a
hand heav
turn. He
leisure an
stranger.
of soggy
b. "You're
Colburn
it for gra
turned to
"Do you
He did
eighty-sev
deuces.")
for the he
tip, and d
man accep
"Come
They cr
burn walk
indifferen
when his
"sized up
motor fro
wished to
lie; and d
dred doll
it as he
the story
The man
his right
limping."
Colburn
reply.
"What
asked as
"Rock
burn Red
"Thoug
"So I
"Four
Colburn
boy's hea
shaved, a
wore a w
to expres
of the fir
scrutiniz
They r
down the
and Fish
gandy w
entered w
his friend
the door
of the be
chair and
pocket.

But funds were short for reclamation projects, and Secretary Garfield arranged with the Water Users if they would raise \$125,000, the Government would advance \$125,000, then the work could begin and be carried on as funds came in from other projects, settlers on the irrigated lands paying for their water rights with work on the ditch, which would reduce the cost and enable work to proceed immediately.

The Administration Changes

ENGINEERS at once came on the ground. Supplies had been bought, contracts had been let, when Garfield stepped out and Ballinger stepped in.

Immediately, a telegram came ordering all work stopped. Why? Mr. Ballinger said the Magenheimers, holding Henry's prior filing, were ready to go on with the project, to which the Water Users replied that prior filing was legal only for as much water as could be used, and that the Water Users refusing the Magenheimers right of way, the Henry filing for the north

side (750 feet of water) was absolutely worthless, and the Users themselves held the second filing. Then came the excuse that the Government had no funds, to which the Water Users replied that the settlers doing the work for work certificates would lessen the need for ready cash. Finally, as a clincher, Attorney-General Wickersham handed down the opinion that the Garfield arrangement had been illegal. There were some extraordinary features about the decision. It was handed down two days before the Water Users of Grand Valley could reach Washington with the documents containing a full statement of the case. Next, the decision was based on the Magenheimers holding Henry's filing for 750 feet of water, which is worthless unless the Water Users will grant the right of way.

Meanwhile, has the corporation been idle? Not much? If the Government can't go ahead, why, of course, the corporation can; and when an indignant ex-clergyman wanted to get out a circular against corporation control, three newspapers out of four refused to print it, and

when the fourth printed it, the corporation bought up the entire issue of 400 circulars, and the indignant writer could get not one for distribution.

The Situation in Utah

SUCH are the ways and wiles of the modern war over the old water hole. What will the people do? "If the thing dilly-dallies much longer, the heavy buyers of land in Grand Valley will be ruined," said the editor of a Grand Valley paper, which had no part in the circular episode. "The irrigation ditch must be constructed, and if the Government goes back on its own project, why, then, we are forced to arrange for construction by a private company. Whether the Water Users themselves will do it, or ask for open tenders, I do not know; but the ditch we must have at any cost," and with that knowledge of "any cost" and desperate investors, the corporation goes on with its merry war for the water hole.

In Utah the war over the water hole is almost entirely (Concluded on page 28)

The Reporter

The Pursuit of Four Questions, and the Story They Unfold

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

THE committee of the Colorado Senate, sitting on the Las Animas election protest at the Capitol, had adjourned *sine die*, and the "political" reporter of the Denver "World" was free to look for "action" elsewhere. He was looking for it in the register of the "Hotel Capitol," where he hoped to find the name of some Las Animas "guests" who might be interviewed before they could be called to go on the witness-stand; but he was not looking very eagerly, for the Las Animas scandals were now an old story that was printed without leads among the "jumps" and tail-ends on page three.

His black Derby hat was raked down over his eyes; an unlighted cigarette hung from his lower lip; his hands were thrust deep into his trousers' pockets. It was his opinion that nothing exciting had happened in Colorado since the Cripple Creek labor war—when he had been deposed from the State by the military authorities—and his attitude of cynical ennui expressed the hope deferred that makes sad the heart of the prowling newspaper man.

He had a round, smooth face, dark-browed, and as inexpressive as the back of a playing-card. (He was known as the best poker-player in the Denver Press Club, where men who have learned the game in mining camps "tear off" the worried amateur while they converse absent-mindedly of other things.) And his whole physical make-up, from his thick ankles to his big shoulders, was as round and strong and smooth as his face.

When a man came up behind him and dropped a hand heavily on one of his shoulders, he did not turn. He finished the page of the register at his leisure and then slanted his head around—to see a stranger, baldish, with white eyelashes and a sort of soggy, fat face.

"You're a reporter," the man said. Colburn did not contradict him. He rather took it for granted that every one knew that. He returned to his register.

"Do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

He did, but he did not say so. (He had lost eighty-seven dollars the night before, playing "loose deuces.") He slewed the register back into position for the hotel clerk, detached his cigarette from his lip, and dropped it into a brass spittoon. And the man accepted these movements as implying assent.

"Come up to my room," he said.

They crossed the rotunda to the elevator, and Colburn walked in a manner of absent-minded indifference that was habitual with him when his mind was busiest. He had "sized up" the stranger as a mine promoter from the East who had a story he wished to "plant" on the investing public; and Colburn intended to put the hundred dollars in his pocket—or as much of it as he could get in advance—and drop the story into the wastepaper-basket.

The man wore suede spats. He dragged his right foot over the tessellated floor, limping. "My name's Fisher," he said.

Colburn did not volunteer anything in reply.

"What paper do you work for?" he asked as they entered the elevator.

"Rocky Mountain Chronicle," Colburn lied.

"Thought you were with the 'World.'"

"So I was."

"Fourth floor."

Colburn studied the back of the elevator boy's head. The boy had had his neck shaved, and it made him look as if he wore a wig, and Colburn allowed his face to express a slow esthetic distaste of that cut of the hair. He knew, of course, that Fisher was scrutinizing him in the mirror-panel of the car.

They reached the fourth floor in silence, and padded down the heavy hall-carpet of the corridor in silence; and Fisher threw open the door of a lighted sitting-room, gaudy with scarlet carpet and red walls; and Colburn entered without taking off his hat. (It was a joke among his friends that he slept in his hat.) Fisher, having closed the door behind him, crossed the room to close the door of the bedroom also. Colburn seated himself in a rocking-chair and took a book of cigarette-papers from his watch-pocket. He was tearing out a leaf when the man, asked:

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

"When did you leave the 'World'?" He finished making his cigarette before he replied—with an air of calling for a showdown—"What do you want?"

Fisher nodded. "I want you to interview a friend of mine."

"What about?"

"I want you to ask him four questions. If you get the right answers, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

Colburn struck a match, lighted his cigarette, and blew out the match, thoughtfully. "How'll you know whether they're right or not?"

"I'll know."

"You know the answers, then?"

"Yep."

The reporter puffed up a screen of smoke before his eyes and took a sharp look at the man through it, rolling the burnt match reflectively between a spatulate thick thumb and forefinger that were brown with nicotine. Fisher

get the answers. I'll give you twenty-five bucks for each answer. Worth trying, ain't it?"

Colburn shook his head, his eyes on the floor. "He could pass me out any old talk. I'd come back here and get the laugh. My time's worth money."

"I'll—" Fisher threw himself back in his chair and thrust out a leg to clear his trousers' pocket. "I'll—I'll give you twenty-five down."

"Well?"

He drew out a roll of bills and thumbed off two tens and a five, shakily; and Colburn took them, as if deep in thought.

Fisher clucked a hoarse, excited cough to clear his throat. "You ask him what was the name of the island in the Snake River where he helped stake out a claim in '98. Write it down."

"Go ahead." It was a point of professional pride with Colburn that he rarely took notes.

"Ask him how much he got when he skipped with the clean-up." With his eyes turned up to the electric lights glowing in their burnished copper calyxes, he blinked smilingly, puckering up his lips like a man who has a pleasant taste in his mouth. "Ask him what was the name of the woman he hid behind."

Colburn tucked the money into his waistcoat pocket.

"And ask him why he didn't stop to bury her."

Colburn had been watching him under the brim of his hat. Suddenly he said—in the sharp voice of the reporter using the probe—"Why don't you shoot him up?"

Instantly Fisher's face contracted in a spasm of hate that clenched his hands and drew his legs in under him, and plucked him forward on the arms of his chair. "Him! G—— him! I want him to live just one day longer than I do. I want him to know I'm on the other side waiting for him. I—" He stopped, eying the reporter. "No, you don't," he said. "You've got to get it from him."

Colburn returned to his indifference. "I don't contract to publish, you understand," he said.

"Do as you please about that. . . . And you're not to tell him I sent you. See? You're a reporter come to interview him. Let him do the guessing."

"What's his name?"

"He's registered as 'Sims'—S. A. Sims."

"What's his name?"

"Billy Bell."

Colburn raised himself to his feet.

"Across the hall?"

The man limped eagerly to the door and jerked it open. "There." He pointed. "In there."

Colburn slowly crossed the corridor and rapped on the panel. Some one called faintly: "Come in." As he opened the door before him, he heard the one behind him gently close.

Colburn divided all mankind into newspaper men and "outsiders." (He called them "barbers" in his more contemptuous moods.) The first were the writers, the second the written; the first lived upon the second, despised them, exposed them, flattered them, used them, bled them, and made fools of them. There was some necessary fraternizing between the two, but no possibility of sincere friendship; and even in his most companionable moments Colburn did not wholly forget that the

outsider with whom he drank was a possible source of a news story—and watched for it.

The man Fisher whom he had just left was an "outsider" of a particularly odious type: he was the sort of "barber" who thinks he can buy a newspaper man, hood-wink him, and use him for "outside" purposes. But the man to whom Colburn entered now, as he opened the door, he recognized at once as the sort of "barber" who fears a reporter as a criminal fears a court of law.

He was yellow, like a Chinaman—as yellow as his teeth—and there was an Oriental look about his lean, flat face, with his lips drawn back from his protruding



"Do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

was leaning forward, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his little whitish eyes glittering with a malignant eagerness, his mouth twitching and hesitating on a thin smile. Colburn said: "Suppose you say the answers aren't right—when they are."

"I'll play the game square."

"Nothing doing." He tossed the match on the carpet.

"Not on those terms."

"What? What's the matter with it? I've got four questions. The fellow that knows the answers—he's right across the hall. All you have to do is to go over there, say you're a reporter come to interview him, and

incisors. He was a "lunger"; that was evident (to Colburn's practised Denver eye) from the wasted neck that left the cords standing in two ridges behind his pale ears. He was packing a battered suit-case, open on his bed; and he continued to pack even after he had glanced at Colburn over his shoulder.

"I'm from the 'World,' Mr. Sims," Colburn said as he shut the door. "I'd like to have a few minutes' talk with you."

Sims shook his head quickly. "I've nothing to say to the 'World.'" His voice was a breathy falsetto. He crammed his linen into the case.

"I understand," Colburn said, putting up his hat from his forehead with the flat of his thumb, "that you had a mine in Idaho."

"Me? I hadn't." He clapped down the top of the case and snapped the catches on it. "Nor anywhere else."

"On the Snake River," Colburn added.

Sims was bending down to his work. He did not straighten up, but after a perceptible pause he turned to the reporter the tail of a wrinkled, startled eye. Colburn's face shone in the light with a plump and interested geniality.

"You've got the wrong man," Sims said hoarsely. Colburn replied, without irony, in a tone merely of seeking further assurance of his mistake: "Oh? Is that so? Didn't you stake out a claim there, with a partner, on an island in '98?"

Sims reached his hat and his overcoat, and caught up his suit-case. "I've got to catch a train. I've got no time to talk to you. I've got no time, I tell you. Let me out of here."

"I'm sorry," Colburn said as he opened the door. "I wanted to give you a chance to put us right on that story. That thing's pretty heavy, ain't it? Let me have it." And with all the calmness of his strength he took the suit-case forcibly from the trembling Sims. "What train do you want to catch?"

Sims struggled into his overcoat, hurrying along the hall, pulling his battered Fedora hat down on his ears. "It's none of your business," he kept saying, breathlessly. "It's none of your damn business." The hat was too big for him, and it made him look more than ever like a Chinaman—with a queue concealed. Colburn kept pace with him—and rang the elevator bell. In vain the man fumed and fretted. Colburn passed him into the car, a hand under his elbow, and said "Down" to the elevator boy. When they stepped out into the rotunda, Colburn led the way to the desk and said to the clerk: "Got Mr. Sims's bill, Jim? Hurry up. He wants to catch a train. If any one calls me up here, tell him I've gone out." And when Sims had paid his bill, Colburn ushered him out to the street, hailed a taxicab, put him in it, ordered the driver to take them to the Union Depot, and got in beside Sims with the suit-case.

"This is a damn outrage," Sims broke out. "Get out of here. I'll call a policeman."

Colburn shook his head. "Better get out of town without any more noise than you can help. He's been drinking and he's looking for you with a gun. That's how we got the story. Turn up your collar. These cabs at night are great places to catch pneumonia in."

Sims squirmed and muttered unintelligibly. "Leave me alone," he stammered when Colburn put out a hand to help him turn up his collar at the back.

"What's the matter?" Colburn soothed him. "I simply wanted to give you a chance. I don't believe in jumping into print with a story without hearing the other side of it. It makes no difference to me. I simply thought you might want to put yourself right."

Sims made no answer. Wrapped in his heavy overcoat, muffled up to the eyes, he sank back in the darkness of the cab, feebly obdurate. Colburn sat forward on the edge of the cushions to roll another cigarette by the light of the passing street-lamps. It was one of those chill Colorado nights that come down to Denver from the mountains when the sun has set, but Colburn was used to them; he did not even wear gloves. "Ever play loose deuces?" he asked. He added, in a moment: "You'll be in time for the seven-forty-five."

"You go to —," Sims said. "You can't draw me. I've had this game worked on me before."

Colburn sat back to reconsider his play. It was evident that Sims knew his hand, and he did not know Sims's. At such moments you would swear that there was a film drawn over his eyes.

II

"WELL," Colburn said as he put Sims's suit-case on the seat of the Pullman, "I don't want to go back to the office with half the story. I know your name's Bell, and he says you shot the woman and ran off with the clean-up. What I don't understand is why you did it."

Sims sat down, without answering, and looked out the window at the station lights, waiting for the train to start. Colburn promptly sat down beside him and stretched out his legs as if he intended to stay. Sims glanced around at him pathetically. "I didn't shoot her," he said. "He shot her himself. Now go away and leave me alone."

It was said in a manner of wearied and persecuted innocence; and Colburn, with his eyes on his feet, turned it over in his mind, dispassionately, as a lawyer in a murder trial might turn over an "exhibit" in his hands. "You took the clean-up, though."

"I took my share of it."

"I see. You were partners in the mine. You're not a Westerner."

Sims shook his head feebly. "Chicago."

"Neither is he."

"He's my brother."

"Your brother?"

Sims's teeth bared between drawn lips, as if in the emotion of a bitter smile. It was about as interpretable as the grimace of a monkey. Colburn could make nothing of it, but he saw his opportunity to ask the first question on his list. "What was the name of the island?"

"Henry's," the man answered; and as if the name were as full of memories as a photograph in a family album, he stared at it from the hollows of his eyes, his chin sunken on a collar that was too large for his shrunken neck.

The car was jarred by a sudden bump as the two sections of the train—divided by a station crossing—were brought together and coupled for the journey. The covered platform echoed with cries of "All 'board!" from the negro porters. Sims looked up, roused from his thoughts. Colburn made no move to leave.

"Go on," Sims said weakly. "There's—there's nothing in the story—for a newspaper. What do you want?"

Colburn drew from his inside pocket a bundle of old letters, forgotten memoranda, and such like "pigeonhole" clutter of a reporter's work. "I don't suppose there is," he said, looking for his "annual." "But when a man's sent out on a story, he has to come back with something. Personally, I don't care a cuss about the thing."

Sims watched him in silence a moment. Then he asked in another voice: "Will you promise not to tell him which way I went—which train I took?"

"I sure will."

He sank back against the cushions. "What do you want to know?"

"Who was the woman?"

The car had begun to glide out of the station noiselessly. Sims let his chin sink upon his collar again. "Can't you leave her out of it?"

"Yes—but he won't."

"He don't care."

"No. Not that way. Was she his wife?"

"I guess. He brought her out from Chicago—when I wrote to him about the claim. I wanted him to help me work it. He treated her like a dog."

"They generally do—that sort," Colburn commented. "She was about half his size, I suppose."

"She wasn't any more than a kid."

"Sure thing. The life was pretty rough on her, wasn't it?"

"No," Sims said, with some interest. "No. She liked it. She'd been shut up in a dirty little back street and she was crazy about it—about outdoors. She liked it. She didn't seem to mind the way he treated her. She was used to that. Her old man had been a bad one—from what she said—used to get drunk and beat her up."

Colburn was not interested in that part of the story. He interrupted: "What did he shoot her for?"

Sims drew a long tremulous breath, like a man on trial who is asked a question that involves his whole defense. "Well," he said, "I—I was sorry for her. She never looked to me for anything—any more than a dog would if the man that owned it kicked it. And at first I said to myself it was none of my business. But she—"



"He hunts around till he finds me—he's about crazy with hate"

she looked after things for us like a mother—and I couldn't stand it. I—"

Colburn put in: "You got her to run away."

Sims nodded, swallowing dryly.

"And he caught you?"

"He was laying for us, I guess."

"How did he know?"

Sims shook his head. "I never found out. He must've been watching us. We thought he'd gone off to shoot something for dinner—and we saddled the pony and struck off on the trail to the railroad. It was a ninety-mile ride—if we'd made it. . . . He was laying for us in a bit of woods—took us head-on from behind a tree. The first shot rapped me on the shoulder, and then the next one fetched the horse and ditched us. I came down hard and it knocked me for a minute. I saw him coming at me, but I didn't have sense enough to pull my gun—till I saw Pan jump up and run toward him,

screaming at him—and he just took and shot her through the head. . . . I fired low. Broke his ankle. . . . That was all there was to it."

"You got away?"

"Through the woods. I waited till I was sure she was dead. She never moved. I could have killed him if I'd wanted to—from behind a tree. I could see him watching for me. He couldn't get up."

Colburn stared at him. "Well, good—! What's he kicking about?"

Sims was gazing at the blank plush of the car seat opposite him. "I got lung trouble," he said. "He knows I can't go East. And he hunts around till he finds me. That's all he does. He's about crazy with hate. When he can't do anything else, he sets a newspaper reporter after me. I don't want to do anything—but keep away from him."

"The dirty barber," Colburn muttered.

"At first he used to swear out a warrant and have me arrested and skip out before the trial, but he couldn't keep that up. Then he used to trail me up and try to scare me with a gun, but he didn't shoot—and I got on to it. Now he generally gets some newspaper reporter after me."

"How does he find out where you go?"

"He used to pay detectives, but now he does it himself. It gives him something to do, I guess. He knows I can't go far. I have to stay in hotels mostly. Boarding-houses won't let you in when you're as bad as I am. I can't go off and live by myself. I'm scared to get far from a doctor."

There was a long silence. The car rocked along the rails to a rhythm of "Clackety-Clack" and "clackety-clack." Suddenly Colburn said: "Look here. The Chief of Police is an old friend of mine. If you'll come back to Denver, I'll see that your brother gets out—and doesn't bother you any more. And it won't go into the papers. I'll get a warrant against him for murder, if we can't scare him any other way. He'll never dare to put his nose inside the town again."

Sims sighed. "That's all right. Thanks," he said.

"Well, will you do it?"

He studied the hollows between his knuckles, rubbing the back of one clenched hand with the thumb of the other. "What's the use? Leave him alone. He's in hell as it is." He looked around. "You don't think he'd be doing this if he weren't suffering like the devil, do you? He knows how he treated her. He knows he's got nothing against me. And I ain't going to give him anything. He murdered her, and he can't get away from it. That's what's the matter with him. Leave him alone. He's getting all that's coming to him."

"How about you?"

"I can stand it. Never mind me."

His tone was final. Colburn returned to Fisher's questions. "How much did you get out of the 'clean-up'?"

"About two thousand," Sims answered irritably. "Is there anything else you want to know?"

There was not. He had gotten the answers to his four queries. "I guess not," he said. "No."

"Will you go away, then, and leave me alone?"

Colburn rose, feeling in his pocket for his package of granulated tobacco. "Have a smoke?" he asked. Sims did not even look up. Colburn nodded, to himself, and went away to the smoking compartment.

The man's story had no news value; and no other value interested Colburn. He consulted the railroad time-table; the first stop was Littleton, at 8.09. He found that a train returning to Denver would pass through Littleton at 9.22; and it would get him back to Denver at 9.45. Good. If there was a night-game at the club—

He settled himself in his seat, with the newspaper man's ability to dismiss the troubles of the "outside" world from his mind and wait as patiently as an old dog for the next whistle of events. (He would return from wiring the story of a hanging, with just such placidity.) His sympathies had been only momentarily stirred. And he had no literary interest in the psychology of the story and no feeling for its merely human "appeal."

When the train stopped at Littleton, he got out, and stood facing the little brick station while he reflected that from 8.09 to 9.22 would be a wait of one hour and thirteen minutes. He decided to go back by trolley. Then he walked up the platform to look in at Sims. The man was apparently asleep, peacefully exhausted, with his head thrown back and his face as waxy as death. The train bore him gently away, and Colburn remained looking at the other passengers as they were carried by.

He blinked and started—turning to follow a vanishing window with his eyes. For the fraction of a second he had seen Fisher's fat profile—the whitish eyes fixed in a malevolent stare ahead of him, as if through the walls of the intervening cars he could see his brother.

Fisher! He must have followed them.

The two red lights on the tail of the train swiftly receded in the darkness. One of them winked, like an eye, as a telegraph pole for an instant blotted it out. And Colburn had a vague feeling that it expressed a humorous contempt of him for standing on the platform while that train, with the tragedy that freighted it, dwindled and disappeared from him forever down the rails. Had he missed a story, after all? For a moment he wished that he had let Sims talk; and then his professional instinct for news assured him that a story eleven years old was not worth—Pshaw! It was the money! Fisher had promised him one hundred dollars!

"Well, the dirty barber!" he muttered. "The dirty barber!"

And he felt relieved. His newspaper conscience was clear. It was only money he had missed!

Mr. Witherspoon's Heart Trouble

The Vigorous Old Philanthropist Who Undertakes to be Sick



"He Felt Under the Bed-Clothes, Found and Pressed a Feverish Hand"

MR. EZRA WITHERSPOON was a man of importance in Valdevia. In fact, that prosperous California community, which devoted itself to the cultivation of oranges and tourists, acknowledged Mr. Witherspoon as its most eminent citizen. He was president of the largest bank and of the Chamber of Commerce, he owned the most modern business block, he had twice been mayor, and his Valencia dates always brought the top prices in the New York market. A round and beaming face and a round and comfortable body gave him an engaging appearance; he had passed threescore and ten, but his cheerfulness of soul had kept him young.

Besides being the leading citizen, he was eccentric; he declared always a lively antipathy to doctors, and yet had as his most intimate friend Dr. Jacob Deeveer, with whom he engaged once a week in a game of chess. These occasions afforded him opportunity to rail at the medical profession. The doctor would retort that Ezra was a tough old nut, but that he would go to pieces some day, and that he was just the kind to fly to patent-medicines for relief. "You needed a wife to keep you from getting so cranky," Dr. Deeveer once remarked reflectively. "But the most cranky thing about you was that you'd never get a wife."

Whenever in the course of his practise the physician came upon a case which required the skill of a specialist and the expense involved was greater than the patient's resources, he would appeal to Mr. Witherspoon. With much grumbling Mr. Witherspoon would write a check payable to the doctor. Then the doctor would go to the patient and say something like this: "Through the kindness of a friend, I have a fund on which I am at liberty to draw in just such cases as yours, and so we'll have you sent to San Francisco where Dr. So-and-So will operate on you." Thus Mr. Witherspoon enjoyed playing in secret the part of Providence.

He was in the bank one day looking out of the window and reluctantly deciding in his capacity of tree warden that the fine old pepper tree in front of the Witherspoon Block must come down. It was dying in spite of the surgery that had been exercised upon it. Through its thin branches Mr. Witherspoon could read the sign on one of the second-story windows—Richard Blakeley, M.D. Only the night before Dr. Deeveer had been extolling that young man's skill and lamenting the failure of people to appreciate him.

"He's been here a year and hasn't yet begun to make his way?" Mr. Witherspoon had asked.

"Only with me," Dr. Deeveer had replied. "I've tried to give him a lift when I could. He's had a fine medical education—Johns Hopkins—and knows much more about some things than I do—so I help myself when I give him a lift."

This was the conversation which the sight of Blakeley's sign recalled to Mr. Witherspoon's mind; he stood meditating for a few moments and then he proceeded to act on a prankish and benevolent impulse.

He had just climbed the first flight of stairs in the Witherspoon Block when Lew Kramer emerged from Dr. Blakeley's office. Lew Kramer was a tall, stoop-shouldered man with crafty eyes and an assuming, jocular air unpleasing to Mr. Witherspoon.

"Ha, out collecting your rents, Mr. Witherspoon, I suppose?" Kramer said with sly facetiousness.

To have a sordid purpose attributed to him when his mind was filled with benevolent and innocent glee irritated Mr. Witherspoon. He replied coldly:

"No, Mr. Kramer. I never have to dun my tenants."

"Well," said Kramer, "I wish I never did. I have to jolt 'em now and then."

MR. WITHERSPOON entered Dr. Blakeley's office. It was unoccupied; on a slate hanging by the door was written: "Back at eleven." It was five minutes of eleven. Mr. Witherspoon stepped over to the table to pick up a magazine and saw, spread on top, a bill from L. Kramer, provision merchant, to Dr. R. Blakeley for twenty-five dollars and fifteen cents, and below, written in red ink: "Pay this at once."

Mr. Witherspoon retired to a chair with a magazine and an opinion of Kramer.

He remembered now that Blakeley was in arrears on the rent. "He must be hard up, poor devil," thought Mr. Witherspoon. "Good heavens, when he comes in and sees that bill and then sees me, he'll think I've come to dun him, too. I won't be here when he sees that bill, I wouldn't want him to think I'd seen it—"

He was replacing the magazine on the table when Blakeley entered.

"Oh, Dr. Blakeley," said Mr. Witherspoon. "I called to see you about a couple of little matters."

The young man, whose first expression had been cheerful and welcoming, drooped visibly. He was a dark,

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

slender young man, and he looked now at his caller with anxious eyes. Mr. Witherspoon knew that to Blakeley had occurred the same suspicion which had passed through Kramer's mind.

"Come into my office, won't you?" said Blakeley. He put his hat on the table, and as he did so caught sight of Kramer's bill. Mr. Witherspoon saw his sudden flush, saw him catch up the paper and thrust it into his pocket.

The inner office was fitted up with glass cabinets filled with shining instruments; there was a glass operating table, there was also an X-ray machine. Mr. Witherspoon gave expression to his interest in a manner which Blakeley interpreted as disparaging.

"Got all the up-to-date trumperies and trappings, haven't you? My old friend, Jacob Deeveer, manages to get along without the half of these contraptions."

"I've tried to equip myself as well as I could," the young man replied stiffly.

"Oh, I'm not criticizing, I'm admiring. I expect you have to use all these things in your business?"

"Most of them I've never had any opportunity to use," said Blakeley with some bitterness.

"Folks aren't so obliging as they might be, eh? Not cordial about having you open 'em up?"

THIS mild humor half disarmed Blakeley of suspicion. The young man smiled and exclaimed with friendly though discouraged frankness:

"Oh, I suppose I'm a fool. I go into debt to buy instruments that I may never have a chance to use—it's a sort of passion; I'm just like a collector, I guess."

"Could you use all these things if you had to?"

"I wouldn't be afraid to try."

"Hm!" said Mr. Witherspoon. "That's a funny little thing. What's it for?"

"That's a little tube for transfusing blood. Blood coagulates if it touches anything but the lining of the blood vessel; to transfuse it successfully it has to be conveyed from one blood vessel to another without any medium. The thing is to pass one vessel through the tube and then lap it back, like a cuff, over the end of the tube—then apply it to the other vessel. I assisted at a couple of such operations in Baltimore; I've thought I might some time be able to do the operation myself."

"I see," said Mr. Witherspoon. He sat down and changed the subject abruptly. "There are two matters I want to talk to you about, Dr. Blakeley. One is that big pepper tree out in front of your window. It's got to come down."

Blakeley seemed not to grasp the solemn significance of this. "Has it?" he said. "Too bad—fine old tree."

"Yes, it is a fine old tree," agreed Mr. Witherspoon. "And I realize perfectly that the desirability of these rooms will be decreased by its removal."

"Oh, not seriously, I guess."

"Considerably. That tree shades you from the summer sun and secludes you from the noise and traffic of the street. I estimate that it is worth five dollars a month to these rooms. When it is taken down your rent will be reduced by five dollars a month."

Blakeley stared; certainly there was no guile in the old man's calm eyes. "Why, thank you, Mr. Witherspoon. I never should have dreamed of asking for any rebate because of the tree. But I won't refuse to accept such a generous reduction."

"That is the first matter about which I wanted to speak to you. There is, I regret to say, another."

So it was coming now. Blakeley sighed inwardly, thinking of the hundred dollars that he owed on the rent, and the fifty dollars that he had in the bank, and the Kramer bill that was in his pocket.

"I am seventy-three years of age," said Mr. Witherspoon impressively, "and I have never been under a doctor's care for a day. I find, however, that the time has come when I must consult a physician. You seem to be one who is competent; you inspire me with confidence. I wish to have you treat my case."

"Where is the trouble?" asked Blakeley, preserving professional calm under this unexpected shock of good fortune.

"I am sometimes dizzy when I rise from my chair," said Mr. Witherspoon. "Sometimes I have a pain here." He placed his hand on his stomach. "I seem to be more short of breath than I ought to be. I lie awake at night a good deal. Frequent pains in the head and back. Sometimes a difficulty in taking a long breath. Occasionally an agitation of the heart."

He paused. Blakeley looked perplexed.

"What was the immediate cause which made you feel that you must consult a doctor this morning?"

"Pain," prevaricated Mr. Witherspoon. "A sharp pain here." He laid his hand on his ample abdominal rotundity.

"You still have it?"

"No. It comes in spasms. I'm enjoying a little freedom just now."

"Sharp, is it, or a dull, heavy pain?"

"Sharp at times, and at times dull and heavy. Ah! There it is again." Mr. Witherspoon tapped a spot regretfully.

Blakeley looked thoughtful. "I think," he said, "I'll have to give you a thorough overhauling. That's the only way in which I can ascertain your condition."

Mr. Witherspoon stirred uneasily. "Oh, I guess I don't need that. Just give me some kind of a little tonic, and I'll be all right."

"I can't prescribe for you until I've made a thorough examination," said Blakeley. "Your case seems to present contradictory features. I want to test your heart, your lungs, and your kidneys. Now if you'll kindly take off your coat."

Mr. Witherspoon submitted, viewing with apprehension the stethoscope which the doctor produced.

"If you find there's something serious the matter—something I wouldn't be apt to know about—I'd just as soon you wouldn't tell me," he suggested.

"Oh, you don't look as if you had anything serious the matter with you," Blakeley assured him cheerfully, and indeed the examination proved this to the doctor's satisfaction and greatly to Mr. Witherspoon's reassurance. In the end the patient was provided with a prescription and an injunction to take the tablets every three hours and to drink water frequently between meals.

"And now, Dr. Blakeley," said Mr. Witherspoon, as he rose to depart, "will you kindly tell me what your usual terms are—for a patient who calls on you in your office?"

"Two dollars."

"I want you in my case then to make it five," said Mr. Witherspoon. "I consider that a man should pay for his health in some proportion to his means. I am aware that you doctors do a great deal of charity work. The well-to-do among your patients should be willing to assist you in bearing that burden. If two dollars is your usual rate, I must insist upon being charged at a five-dollar rate. My self-esteem requires it."

"But that is contrary to my idea—" began Blakeley. "Then in making out the bill write on it: 'By special request,'" interrupted Mr. Witherspoon.

He departed, and some time later in the day, as he was driving on a lonely road, he flung an unopened bottle of tablets off into an orange orchard.

HAVING made out a check for the amount which he owed Kramer, Richard Blakeley wrote on the bill: "Your insolence is insufferable; I herewith close all dealings with you." Then he mounted his bicycle and rode home to the little bungalow on the edge of the town.

His wife was out in her sunbonnet and apron, playing the hose on the dusty road.

"Some news this morning," Richard said, as he leaned his bicycle against the curb. "Feeling strong, Kate?"

"Oh, Dick, what's happened now?"

Richard took the hose from her hands, laid it on the grass, and led her up on the piazza.

"We're down to our last twenty-five," he said. "And we won't buy anything more at Kramer's—ever."

He told her what Kramer had done; she exclaimed: "How horrid!" grew red with anger, and was even more angry when Richard told her what he had written. "It wasn't nearly enough!" she cried. "Oh, I wish you'd turned it over to me. But that's just like you—you're always too soft."

"I was severe and dignified. But that isn't all there was to it, Kate."

"What else?"

"Why, when I came in to my office and found the bill, old man Witherspoon was there, and he couldn't have helped seeing it. You know, I'm a hundred behind with him."

"Oh, isn't it miserable!" Kate wailed, rocking back and forth. "I suppose he evicted you at once and there's going to be a sheriff's sale and—"

"Of course I expected he would jump me for that hundred. Instead he had strayed in, first of all, to tell me he was going to knock five dollars a month off my rent because that gloomy old tree that shuts out all the light has to come down, and, in the second place, he wanted some medicine. I've got him for a patient."

"But he doesn't believe in doctors; Mrs. Wood told me that was one of his eccentricities."

"I guess that maybe he never felt sick before," said Richard complacently. "Anyway he came to me for medicine, and said that as he was rich and his life was

valuable he wanted to be charged at the rate of five dollars a visit instead of two dollars."

"How wonderful! And he never asked you for the rent at all?"

"No."

"I do wish there were some way of spreading it round town that you've had Mr. Witherspoon for a patient. He has so much influence. People would be sure to follow his lead."

"You mustn't mention it to a soul. If Mr. Witherspoon chooses to talk—"

"But he won't; he'll be ashamed to have it known that he's consulted a doctor."

"It won't do for us to spread the information."

"It would be such splendid advertising. I hope anyway he will have a nice long illness. What's the matter with him, Dick?"

"I don't know. It may be serious, or it may not."

"I hope it will be frightfully serious and that you'll pull him through, and that every one will talk about it. But I suppose it won't turn out that way at all. I suppose he'll just sneak into your office once in a while to get some medicine, and he'll never tell anybody that is what he went in for. People who know his antipathy for doctors will just suspect he's dunning you for the rent, and instead of its being a good advertisement it will be a bad one."

"How awful to be such a pessimist!" exclaimed Richard. "And with twenty-five dollars in the bank."

That evening when Richard and Kate were sitting on their piazza, Dr. Deever came by in his automobile. Richard waved to him; the old man stopped his car and got out.

"Well," he said, as he came up the walk, "I congratulate you, Dr. Blakeley—though I admit I feel a little sore. I've been waiting for just that chance all these years."

"What chance?" asked Richard.

"To get Ezra Witherspoon into my office as a patient. I hear that he's come down and recognized the profession at last."

"How did you hear that?"

"He told me—he's telling it all over town. Says you're the one real doctor in the place—as if he'd given any of the rest of us a trial!" Dr. Deever laughed. "It's all right, so long as he had the sense to pick on you, and not Dolan or Wagner. Extraordinary thing that he should go round advertising the fact that he's been to a physician. I always felt he'd some day come to it, but it would be surreptitiously. No, not at all; he wants everybody to know about it, he wants everybody to go to you and get health."

"That's fine; hope they'll all come," laughed Richard.

When Dr. Deever had departed, Kate flung her arms about her husband. "Oh, Dick, now you are going to be recognized! Oh, isn't it splendid?"

"Queer," said Richard, affecting calmness. "Old man Witherspoon must be a queer old duck. I do feel just a little sorry for Dr. Deever, too."

"Why should you?"

"He's the one man that's been decent to me since I've been here. He's a fine old man. And he and Mr. Witherspoon have always been great friends. I could see he felt hurt at having Witherspoon go to me instead of to him. Sort of intimation that he's superannuated—don't you see?"

"Well, you'd have been superannuated long before your time, if somebody hadn't come to you soon," replied his wife.

THE leaves of the walnut tree rustled in the breeze against the wire screen of Mr. Witherspoon's sleeping porch, and the mocking-birds began their mid-night caroling. Mr. Witherspoon stirred and woke. The full moon shone through the branches; in the absence of all human sound there was the peacefulness of night in the garden, and yet the sweet and rising clamor of the mocking-birds. Two were somewhere hidden in the tree just over Mr. Witherspoon's head, one crying in hurried, ardent accents: "Peter, Peter, Peter!" and the other urging with equal haste: "Do it, do it, do it!" The dialogue quickened in its blithe impatience and then trilled into a gay harmonious song. Mr. Witherspoon lay listening to the melody and looking out at the moonlit sprays of leaves in an unregretful wakefulness.

But when the chickens lifted up their voices, he was annoyed. They introduced a note of commerce and utility into the orchestra of night. They caused Mr. Witherspoon to close his eyes and seek oblivion again. It did not come; but he had always accepted sleeplessness like other trials with serenity, and he fell contentedly into a mood of meditation. He considered the tranquillity of his life; there was no possible event which could disturb his declining years. At the close of all he would have good friends to care for him—Jacob Deever and—

At this point he laughed silently. He had forgotten that he had a doctor, and that the doctor wasn't Jake Deever. He reviewed with unctious Dr. Deever's efforts to suppress all signs of jealousy and wounded sensitiveness, and his own malicious jabs at his old friend; often he had enforced his enthusiastic laudation of Blakeley on people in Dr. Deever's presence, declaring that he had been fortunate to find a physician who immediately understood his case. Dr. Deever's manner had of late taken on an unaccustomed constraint which intimated pique and increased Mr. Witherspoon's inward enjoyment. He

was having the pleasure of innocently baiting an old friend and of improving a worthy young man's chances in life. Why not let the good work proceed?

He turned on the electric light and took down the telephone, which stood on the table beside his bed. He called up Dr. Blakeley's house.

"Is this Dr. Blakeley?" he asked. "This is Mr. Witherspoon. Will you please come to my house at once? . . . Yes, I'm suffering a good deal. . . . All right. Please hurry."

He replaced the telephone, and pressed a bell. Pres-



"I'm getting old, Ezra. I don't seem to take so much interest in the game"

ently a light flashed in the house, and Matsu, Mr. Witherspoon's Japanese boy, appeared.

"I've had to send for the doctor, Matsu," said Mr. Witherspoon. "I want you to be ready to let him in when he comes. Dr. Blakeley, not Dr. Deever."

"You sick?" asked Matsu, with the cheerful smile which he regarded as always appropriate when addressing his master.

"Yes. Very. Bring me my cigars, will you?"

When he had comfortably bolstered himself up in bed with a lighted cigar in his mouth, he dismissed Matsu and took up the volume of "Tom Jones" which was his favorite bedtime reading. Soon he forgot that the mocking-birds were singing, that he was sick, that the doctor was coming; he snorted once or twice in thorough enjoyment, let his cigar go out, paused to light it again—and then he heard the peal of the door-bell.

When Richard Blakeley came out on the screened porch he found Mr. Witherspoon finishing his cigar.

"You must be better," he said.

"I'm resting a little easier," replied Mr. Witherspoon. "It wasn't the pain so much this time as the awful dizziness. I couldn't sleep and by and by my head seemed to revolve, slowly at first and then faster and faster—not my head only, but everything, so that I had to spread myself out in the bed and hang on for dear life; and the faster I went the harder it was for me to breathe and hang on; it was terrible. At last I sat up and turned on the light; that seemed to help a little; but whenever I lay down there would be that frightful vertigo again. So I've just been sitting up smoking and waiting for you."

"I shouldn't wonder if you smoked too much," said Blakeley. "Sounds to me like a tobacco heart. How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"Ten or twelve."

"Has there been any recurrence of those pains which you were having?"

"Yes, but they haven't been quite so severe. I had some pain to-night—just at the back of my head, along with the dizziness."

Further examination did not elucidate the nature of the attack. Blakeley admitted that he was puzzled.

"Lie down now and see if that dizzy sensation comes on," he suggested.

Mr. Witherspoon complied. Yes, it was just as bad as ever. The doctor would have to give him something; he couldn't stand it, he couldn't sleep.

"It seems as if I needed both a stimulant and a sedative," suggested Mr. Witherspoon.

Blakeley mixed some medicine in a tumbler. "Take a teaspoonful of this; I'll wait and see if it produces any effect."

"Is it likely to put me to sleep?"

"It ought to do that."

"Will it make me feel bad when I wake up?"

"There's no reason why it should."

"All right. But there's a matter I want to talk with you about before you put me to sleep. What's your regular charge for a visit at night?"

"Five dollars."

"I want you to make it fifteen with me. I consider I'm worth it. I expect I'm likely to want you a good deal at night."

"Oh, I don't believe so. As far as I can see, you're in first-rate condition."

"I feel differently. I've reached a time when I expect to be breaking up pretty fast. If these turns keep on taking me, I'll be sending for you right along. How did you come—got a horse?"

"No. I rode my bicycle."

"That all you have to get round on? Covering the distances you have to out here, you ought to have an automobile."

"It would be a convenience," admitted Blakeley.

"It's a good four miles from here to town," continued Mr. Witherspoon. "Look here. When I want you at night, I want you quick and I want you bad. You buy yourself an automobile to-morrow. I'll lend you the money."

"You're very generous, but I couldn't do it. Why, Mr. Witherspoon, I don't know when I could ever repay the loan. I—you know it's quite a struggle to keep even on the rent." Blakeley was red with embarrassment and gratitude.

Mr. Witherspoon looked at him and smiled, then opened a drawer in the table by the bed and took out a check-book.

"Hand me that fountain pen, will you?" he asked.

He wrote with slow, careful fingers.

"There." He tore off the check and passed it over to Blakeley. "I guess you can get a good car for that."

"Look here," said Blakeley. "I can't take this, Mr. Witherspoon. I can't be under such obligations to you. I—"

"You're not being under obligations to me. I'm doing it as a kind of life insurance for myself. I tell you, when I want a doctor on a dark night, I want him quicker than any bicycle can bring him. Now you talk about not being able to pay me back. That's all right; take your own time about it. You're going to build up a practise here. This automobile may accelerate success for you, but it would come anyway. One teaspoonful of this medicine, did you say, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Blakeley, and he was so dazed that he did not observe the really deft manner in which the patient returned the untouched spoonful to the glass. The old man lay back on his pillow and closed his eyes.

"I'm beginning to feel drowsy already," he murmured.

"That's pretty powerful stuff, I guess."

"I'll turn out the light," said Blakeley. He did so and sat quiet in the darkness, watching the old face dimly outlined on the white pillow. Mr. Witherspoon opened his eyes.

"I'll be asleep in a moment," he said drowsily. "There's one matter I wanted to speak about. Fifteen dollars for a night visit—remember. By special request. You'll repay that loan all the sooner if you make your charges reasonable—by special request."

He closed his eyes; he breathed evenly, placidly. The minutes passed; he did not stir. "Asleep?" asked the doctor softly. There was no answer; Blakeley stole away.

After he had gone Mr. Witherspoon sat up in bed, turned on the light, and poured the contents of the tumbler out on the tiled floor of the porch. Then he took up "Tom Jones" again; the arrival of the doctor had interrupted him at a most entertaining place.

FOR some days Mr. Lew Kramer had been anxiously watching for an appropriate moment. He thought it had come when as he stood in the doorway of his provision store he saw Mr. Witherspoon approaching along the sidewalk. He stepped out with what he conceived to be a brisk and pleasing friendliness.

"Mr. Witherspoon," he said, "I notice that for some time now we've not had any orders from your house. I hope you've had no occasion to be dissatisfied?"

Mr. Witherspoon fixed his calm eyes on the grocer's face.

"I met you one day after you'd come out of Dr. Blakeley's office," he said. "I was going in myself to consult Dr. Blakeley, who is my physician. I saw the insolent message which you had laid on his table for his patients to read. I made up my mind then that I would have no more dealings with you."

He walked away. At that moment Blakeley in his new car came down the street, and, seeing Mr. Witherspoon,

drew up at the curb. Mr. Witherspoon climbed in beside him.

Kramer was surly with his shop-boys and gloomy with his customers all that morning. At noon when he went home for luncheon his wife bothered him. She told him that she didn't think Dr. Deever understood the baby's case, the poor little thing was pining away, she wanted to call in Dr. Blakeley. Mr. Witherspoon had Dr. Blakeley as his physician, so she had been told, though he had known Dr. Deever all his life. Everybody was saying that Dr. Blakeley had wonderful skill and knowledge.

Kramer scoffed at her, called Witherspoon an old fool and Blakeley a whipper-snapper, and declared that Dr. Deever was all right and would pull the baby through. But his heart was less confident than his words, and when he looked at the baby, their only child, he felt with a chill and silencing conviction that its life was doomed; its white and waxy face was death-like. Images that the thought of death evoked—the white hearse, the little child in the white coffin, the closed carriage with his wife by his side—invaded the mind of the unimaginative, sordid man and terrified him; at his store that afternoon he was strangely quiet and subdued.

That evening Mr. Witherspoon and Dr. Deever engaged in their weekly game of chess. The doctor played worse than usual and was checkmated three times within an hour.

"I'm too tired to play to-night," he declared irritably. Mr. Witherspoon surveyed him with a gay and bantering humor.

"I don't know why I'm not tired, too," he said. "Had to send for Dr. Blakeley again last night. Sixth time in two weeks I've had to have him in the middle of the night. I may be breaking up fast physically, but I still seem as brisk as ever mentally. Hey, Jake?"

"Oh, yes. I guess there's nothing much the matter with you anyway, Ezra."

"Well, I'm not worrying. Blakeley seems to understand my case. I have every confidence in him. If he can't cure the disease, I'll know anyway that all's been done that could be. Some satisfaction in that. Have another drink, Jake."

Mr. Witherspoon shoved the bottle of whisky over to his guest. His eyes twinkled with malicious enjoyment as they rested on the doctor's gloomy face, which betrayed an injured sensitiveness.

"I was thinking of asking a favor of you," Dr. Deever said at last slowly. "The kind you've often listened to before. But I guess maybe it's of no use now. I guess you've lost confidence in me, Ezra."

"Oh, I don't know why you should think that. I've never yet let you practise on me, so I've had no occasion to lose confidence in you, Jake. What's the trouble?"

Dr. Deever preserved a resentful silence for a moment; then he spoke grudgingly. "It's a case for which there seems to me only one hope. Baby dying of anemia. It's possible transfusion of blood might save it. It's a rare and delicate operation, as you may know; in fact, there's only one man in this part of the country who has performed it, and that's Carter over at Sonia."

"People poor?" asked Mr. Witherspoon.

"Not poor exactly, but they can't quite meet Carter's price. It's Kramer, the provision man."

"Oh," said Mr. Witherspoon. "I don't care much about him."

"The baby's an only child. Mrs. Kramer's a good woman, and I don't like to see a human life go out if there's a way of saving it. Here, I think there's just that one way."

"Go ahead. Telegraph for Carter."

The resentment on the doctor's face cleared; gratitude shone there.

"Thank you, Ezra. I'd rather telephone. If you'll allow me, I'll do it now."

The effort was unsuccessful. Dr. Carter was reported to be attending a convention in the North; he would be away for a week.

"Can't you wait a week?" asked Mr. Witherspoon.

"The child will be dead in three days."

"Why don't you call in Dr. Blakeley?"

The question stung Dr. Deever to the quick. He made no effort to conceal his bitterness; he pulled at his gray beard with trembling fingers.

"Dr. Blakeley is no doubt a wonderful young man." His voice shook angrily. "I believe I am entitled to the credit of having first brought him to your notice. But even Dr. Blakeley can not perform miracles of surgery by instinct."

"I don't know much about miracles of surgery," said

Mr. Witherspoon calmly. "But he has the instruments for transfusing blood. I saw the tiny little things in his office once and asked him what they were for. He told me all about it. He said he assisted at operations of that kind back in the East, and he thought he could do them himself if necessary."

Dr. Deever stopped stroking his beard; he clutched it in his fist and sat with his head bowed in thought. Then, without a word, he rose and went again to the telephone.

"Is that Dr. Blakeley?" Mr. Witherspoon heard him say. "This is Dr. Deever. I must see you at once on an important matter. I will be at your office in half an hour."

BLAKELEY'S hands trembled a little as he arranged the instruments. It was the first serious operation that he had been called on to do since he had come to Valdevia, and he could not help wishing that for his first something less delicate and difficult had occurred. He knew that the old doctor had little confidence in his ability to do what was required, and had turned to him only as a last resort; Dr. Deever had intimated that quite plainly. Dr. Deever came in from the next room.

"Miss Felton will be ready for us; we will pick her up at the hospital," he said.

"Who will give the blood, the father or the mother?" asked Blakeley.

"The father."

"It's not very good blood, I'm afraid," Blakeley closed his medicine case.

"There's no time to take a culture of it. Kramer looks healthy enough."

Blakeley smiled. "Oh, yes, I suppose he is. We must chance that any way."

In front of the building two automobiles were standing. "We'd better take my car," said Dr. Deever. "I'll drive, so as to give your hands a rest."

"I'd rather be doing something with them," replied Blakeley. "So we'll take my machine, if you don't mind."

As they sped down the street, Blakeley's first exultant triumph, with which he had heard Dr. Deever's message, vanished; in its place came a serious and solemn consciousness of responsibility. And that was followed by an intent effort of memory: his mind was busy recreating the scene of those operations at which he had assisted more than a year before, recalling the details of the procedure, reviewing the movements of the surgeon's fingers as they had passed the blood vessel through the tube and turned it back, cufflike, over the end—and then he remembered that he had had a part to play on those occasions and had needed some preliminary instruction. So he explained to Dr. Deever what he wanted him to do; the old man listened attentively. They stopped at the hospital and got the nurse; in a few moments more they were at Kramer's house. The door was opened for them before the sound of the motor had ceased. Kramer stood in the hall. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes were frightened, his manner was cringing. While Dr. Deever was taking off his overcoat, he muttered in Blakeley's ear: "Say, doctor, I guess I owe you an apology. I thought of coming round and telling you, I—well."

Blakeley said nothing and kept an impassive face. Kramer lapsed into foolish jocularity.

"Well, you get a chance to get back at me to-night, don't you? I don't know how much you're going to do to me, but I've made up my mind to stand it. I expect to be hurt, but I'll be game."

His cowardly agitation was so apparent that it intensified Blakeley's scorn. He turned his back on the man and followed Dr. Deever upstairs.

In the room where the operation was to take place, Blakeley cast off his human prejudices and became the surgeon with an impersonal view of the human objects before him. Through his mind passed a swift résumé of that former operation in which he had taken part; he was unaware of the abject, quivering Kramer, the piteous mother, the attentive old doctor. The preparations were made, the work began.

THE next evening the Valdevia "Chronicle" bore on its first page the account of "an interesting and successful operation performed on the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Kramer, corner of Vine and Lemon, by Dr. Richard Blakeley, assisted by Dr. Deever. A few drops of blood were transfused from the veins of the father into those of the child, with almost instantaneous and marvelous effect; the baby, whose life had been

despaired of, is now pronounced out of danger. This is the first operation of the kind that has ever been performed in the county, and because of its exceedingly rare and delicate nature the talented young surgeon is receiving to-day the highest encomiums from his friends and professional confrères."

"Isn't it a splendid advertisement for you, Richard!" cried his wife, and without waiting to hear his muttered curse, she exclaimed: "But, oh, Richard, I don't care so much about that, but I am glad you saved the little baby's life."

He looked at her and smiled; he put his arm round her, drew her to him, and kissed her.

"What lots and lots of roses!" he said after a moment, surveying the display; everywhere jars and vases were filled. "You must have stripped the garden."

"Mrs. Kramer brought them to me. She said she felt as if she wanted to pour everything she had at my feet. And, oh, Richard, didn't that make me feel proud!"

"Huh!" said Richard. "I expect to get a bill from Kramer for taking an ounce of his blood. I'll probably find it on my office table to-morrow."

DR. RICHARD BLAKELEY'S practise was established. In his motor-car he was kept speeding from one patient to another. His fame extended to the neighboring towns; he was summoned to Petersville and Lamia and Del Oro to perform operations. He had paid off almost his entire indebtedness to Mr. Witherspoon—who, for some time now, had required no medical attention. Indeed, Mr. Witherspoon had declared that despite every expectation of his own he was a well man once more, as healthy as he had ever been—wholly owing to Dr. Blakeley's shrewd diagnosis and intelligent treatment.

As Richard's star ascended, Dr. Deever's declined. The old man was getting old, people said. He was aware of their reluctant distrust, he was hurt by it, he was hurt almost as much as he was touched by the young man's efforts to restore to him those patients who were trying to desert. That wounded his pride. He could afford to retire from active practise; but he loved his work and the sense of responsibility it gave him; he felt good for a long time yet and he had nothing else to interest him. His wife was dead, his children were grown up and scattered, he had only his profession.

To Ezra Witherspoon he would naturally have communicated the thoughts which were distressing him, but Ezra's conduct had been slighting and unsympathetic. He did not notice that of late his old friend had ceased to throw out remarks such as had wounded him in the past; or that while they sat over their chess Mr. Witherspoon's eyes were often watching him with a disturbed, uneasy expression. Mr. Witherspoon nearly always won at chess now.

One evening Dr. Deever pushed the board aside with a discouraged gesture.

"I'm getting old, I guess, Ezra. I don't seem to take as much interest in the game."

"Oh, you've been working too hard, that's all," said Mr. Witherspoon cheerfully.

"Working too hard! I don't have any work now. I've outlived my usefulness, I guess. People seem to think I have anyway."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Witherspoon helplessly. "Pshaw!"

It was no doubt an act of Providence which laid Mr. Witherspoon low the following week. He could not remember having committed any offense against the prudent order of his life, yet he woke up one night with a chill and with sincere and wretched pains; he at once summoned Dr. Deever by telephone and then miserably waited, groaning instead of reading "Tom Jones."

Dr. Deever arrived and proceeded in silence to make his patient more comfortable. When he had done this, he asked, not without bitterness:

"How did you happen to send for me, Ezra? Couldn't you get Blakeley?"

"Damn Blakeley!" cried Mr. Witherspoon from beneath the heap of blankets under which he was now sweltering. "I sent for him when I had nothing the matter with me—I invented pains and diseases for myself, just to help the young man along; and anybody but an old fool like you and a young one like him would have known it. When I'm really sick—you're the only doctor I want, Jake."

Dr. Deever did not answer; he felt under the bedclothes, found and pressed a feverish hand.

"And so long as I live, Jake," contined Mr. Witherspoon, answering the pressure, "I don't want any more talk from you about your having outlived your usefulness. For I'm depending on you to see me through."



As he was driving on a lonely road, he flung an unopened bottle of tablets off into an orange orchard

Lone Wolf of Lost Mountain

"He was as tall as the very tallest Great Dane, but with a depth of shoulder and chest, a punishing length and strength of jaw, that no dog ever could boast"



"When he turned to answer the stares of the crowd through the bars of his cage, the greenish fire that flamed in their depths was ominous and untamed"

NOT, like his grim ancestors for a thousand generations, in some dark cave of the hills was he whelped, but in a narrow iron cage littered with straw. Two brothers and a sister made at the same time a like inauspicious entrance upon an alien and fettered existence. And because their silent, untamable mother loved too savagely the hereditary freedom of her race to endure the thought of bearing her young into a life of bondage, she would have killed them, mercifully, even while their blind baby mouths were groping for her breasts. But the watchful keeper forestalled her. Whelps of the great gray timber wolf, born in captivity and therefore likely to be docile, were rare and precious. The four little sprawlers, helpless and hungrily whimpering, were given into the care of a foster-mother, a sorrowing brown spaniel bitch who had just been robbed of her own puppies.

When old enough to be weaned, the two brothers and the sister, sturdy and sleek as any wolf cubs of the hills, were sold to a dealer in wild animals, who carried them off to Hamburg. But "Lone Wolf," as Toomey, the trainer, had already named him, stayed with the circus. He was the biggest, the most intelligent, and the most teachable cub of the whole litter; and Toomey, who had an unerring eye for quality in a beast, expected to make of him a star performer among wolves.

Job Toomey had been a hunter and a trapper in the backwoods of New Brunswick, where his instinctive knowledge of the wild kindreds had won him a success which presently sickened him. His heart revolted against the slaughter of the creatures which he found so interesting, and for a time, his occupation gone, he had drifted aimlessly about the settlements. Then, at the performance of a traveling circus which boasted two trained bears and a little trick elephant, he had got his cue. It was borne in upon him that he was meant to be an animal trainer. Then and there he joined the circus, at a nominal wage, and within six months found himself an acknowledged indispensable. In less than a year he had become a well-known trainer, employed in one of the biggest menageries of America. Not only for his wonderful comprehension and command of animals was he noted, but also for his pose, to which he clung obstinately, of giving his performances always in the homespun garb of a backwoodsman, instead of in the conventional evening dress.

"Lone Wolf!" It seemed a somewhat imaginative name for the prison-born whelp, but as he grew out of cubhood his character and his stature alike seemed to justify it. Influenced by the example of his gentle foster-mother, he was docility itself toward his trainer, whom he came to love well after the reticent fashion of his race. But toward all others, man and beast alike, his reserve was cold and dangerous. Toomey, apparently, absorbed all the affection which his lonely nature had to spare. In return for this singleness of regard, Toomey trained him with a firm patience which never forgot to be kind; and made him, by the time he was three years old, quite the cleverest and most distinguished performing wolf who had ever adorned a show.

HE WAS now as tall as the very tallest Great Dane, but with a depth of shoulder and chest, a punishing length and strength of jaw, that no dog ever could boast. When he looked at Toomey his eyes wore the expression of a faithful and understanding follower; but when he answered the stares of the crowd through the bars of his cage the greenish fire that flamed in their inscrutable depths was ominous and untamed. In all, save his willing subjection to Toomey's mastery, he was a true wolf, of the savage and gigantic breed of the Northwestern timber. To all spectators this was aggressively obvious; and, therefore, the marvel of seeing this sinister gray beast with the murderous fangs, so submissive to Toomey's gentlest bidding, never grew stale. In every audience there were always some spectators, hopefully pessimistic, who vowed that the great wolf would some day turn upon his master and tear his throat. To be sure, Lone Wolf was not by any means the only beast which the backwoodsman had performing for the delectation of his audiences. But

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by P. V. E. IVORY

all the others—the lions, the leopards, the tiger, the elephant, the two zebras, and the white bear—seemed really subdued, hypnotized into harmlessness. It was Lone Wolf only who kept the air of having never yielded up his spirit, of being always, in some way, not the slave, but the free collaborator.

ORDINARILY, in spite of the wild fire smoldering in his veins, Lone Wolf was well enough content. The show was so big and so important that it was accustomed to visit only the great centers and to make long stops at each place. At such times his life contained some measure of freedom: He would be given a frequent chance of exercise, in some secure enclosure where he could run, and jump, and stretch his mighty muscles and breathe deep. And not infrequently—after dark, as a rule—his master would snap a massive chain upon his collar and lead him out, on leash like a dog, into the verdurous freshness of park or country lane. But when the show was on tour then it was very different. Lone Wolf hated fiercely the narrow cage in which he had to travel. He hated the harsh incessant noise of the grinding rails, the swaying and lurching of the trucks, the dizzy procession of the landscape past the barred slits which served as windows to his car. Moreover, sometimes the unwieldy length of the circus train would be halted for an hour or two on some forest siding, to let the regular traffic of the line go by. Then, as his wondering eyes caught glimpses of shadowed glades, and mysterious wooded aisles, and far-off hills and horizons, or wild, pungent smells of fir thicket and cedar swamp drew in upon the wind to his uplifted nostrils, his veins would run hot with an uncomprehended but savage longing for delights which he had never known, for a freedom of which he had never learned or guessed. At such times his muscles would ache and quiver till he felt like dashing himself blindly against his bars. And if the halt happened to take place at night, with perhaps a white moon staring in upon him from over a naked hilltop, he would lift his lean muzzle straight up toward the roof of his cage and give utterance to a terrible sound of which he knew not the meaning—the long, shrill gathering cry of the pack. This would rouse all the other beasts to a frenzy of wails and screeches and growls and roars, till Toomey would have to come and stop his performance by darkening the cage with a tarpaulin. At the sound of Toomey's voice, soothing yet overmastering, the great wolf would lie down quietly, and the ghostly summons of his far-ravaging fathers would haunt his spirit no more.

After one of these long journeys the show was halted at an inland city for a stop of many weeks; and to house the show a cluster of wooden shanties was run up on the outskirts of the city, forming a sort of mushroom village flanked by the great white exhibition tents. In one of these shanties, near the center of the cluster, Lone Wolf's cage was sheltered—along with the cages of the puma, the leopard, and the little black Himalayan bear. Immediately adjoining this shanty was the spacious open shed where the elephants were tethered. That same night, a little before dawn, when the wearied attendants were sleeping heavily, Lone Wolf's nostrils caught a strange smell which made him spring to his feet and sniff anxiously at the suddenly acrid air. A strange reddish glow was dispersing the dark outside his window. From the other cages came uneasy mutterings and movements; and the little black bear, who was very wise, began to whine. The dull glow leaped into a glare; and then the elephants trumpeted the alarm. Instantly the night was loud with shoutings, and trappings, and howlings, and rushings to and fro. A cloud of choking smoke blew into Lone Wolf's cage, making him cough and wonder anxiously why Toomey didn't come. The next moment Toomey came, with one of the keepers and an elephant. Frantically they began pushing and dragging out the cages. But there was a wind; and before the first cage, that of the puma, was more than clear of the door, the flames were on top of them like a leaping tiger. Panic stricken, the elephant

screamed and bolted. The keeper, shouting, "We can't save any more in this house. Let's git the lions out!" made off with one arm over his eyes, doggedly dragging the heavy cage of the puma. The keeper was right. He had his work cut out for him, as it was, to save the screeching puma. As for Toomey, his escape was already almost cut off. But he could not endure to save himself without giving the imprisoned beasts a chance for their lives. Dashing at the three remaining cages, he tore them open; and then, with a summons to Lone Wolf to follow him, he threw his arms over his face and dashed through the flames.

The three animals sprang out at once into the middle of the floor; but their position seemed already hopeless. The leopard, thoroughly cowed, leaped back into his cage and curled up in the farthest corner, spitting insanely. Lone Wolf dashed at the door by which Toomey had fled; but a whirl of flame in his face drove him back to the middle of the floor, where the little bear stood whimpering. Just at this moment a massive torrent of water from a fire engine crashed through the window, drenching Lone Wolf and knocking the bear clean over. The beneficent stream was whisked away again in an instant, having work to do elsewhere than on this already doomed and hopeless shed. But to the wise little bear it had shown a way of escape. Out through the window he scurried; and Lone Wolf went after him in one tremendous leap just as the flames swooped in and licked the floor clean, and slew the huddled leopard in its cage.

OUTSIDE, in the awful heat, the alternations of dazzling glare and blinding smoke, the tumult of the shouting and the engines, the roar of the flames, the ripping crash of the streams, and the cries of the beasts, Lone Wolf found himself utterly confused. But he trusted, for some reason, to the sagacity of the bear, and followed his shaggy form, bearing diagonally up and across the wind. Presently a cyclone of suffocating smoke enveloped him, and he lost his guide. But straight ahead he darted, stretched out at top speed, belly to the ground; and in another moment he emerged into the clear air. His eyes smarting savagely, his nose and lips scorched, his wet fur singed, he hardly realized at first his escape, but raced straight on across the fields for several hundred yards. Then, at the edge of a wood, he stopped and looked back. The little bear was nowhere to be seen. The night wind here blew deliciously cool upon his face. But there was the mad red monster roaring and raging still as if it would eat up the world. The terror of it was in his veins. He sprang into the covert of the wood, running wildly.

Before he had gone two miles he came out upon an open country of fields, and pastures, and farmyards, and little thickets. Straight on he galloped through the gardens and the farmyards, as well as the open fields. In the pastures the cattle, roused by the glare in the sky, stamped and snorted at him as he passed, and now and then a man's voice yelled at him angrily as his long form tore through flower-beds or trellised vines. He had no idea of avoiding the farmhouses, for he had at first no fear of men; but at length an alert farmer got a long shot at him with a fowling-piece, and two or three small leaden pellets caught him in the hind quarters. They did not go deep enough to do him serious harm, but they hurt enough to teach him that men were dangerous. Thereupon he swerved from the uncompromising straight line of his flight, and made for the waste places. When the light of the fire had quite died out behind him, the first of the dawn was creeping up the sky; and by this time he had come to a barren region of low thickets, ragged woods, and rocks thrusting up through a meager, whitish soil.

Till the sun was some hours high, Lone Wolf pressed on, his terror of the fire now lost in a sense of delighted freedom. By this time he was growing hungry, and for an instant the impulse seized him to turn back and seek his master. But no, that way lay the scorching of the flames. Suddenly a rabbit bounded up, almost beneath his nose. Hitherto he had never tasted living prey, but with a sure instinct he sprang after the rabbit. To his fierce disappointment, however, the nimble little beast was so inconsiderate as to take refuge in a dense Bramble thicket which he could not penetrate. His muzzle,

smarting and tender from the fire, could not endure the harsh prickles, so, after prowling about the thicket for a half-hour in the wistful hope that the rabbit might come out, he resumed his journey. He had no idea, of course, where he wanted to go, but he felt that there must be a place somewhere where there were plenty of rabbits and no bramble thickets.

LATE in the afternoon he came upon the fringes of a settlement, which he skirted with caution. In a remote pasture field, among rough hillocks and gnarled, fire-scarred stumps, he ran suddenly into a flock of sheep. For a moment he was puzzled at the sight, but the prompt flight of the startled animals suggested pursuit. In a moment he had borne down the hindermost. To reach for its throat was a sure instinct; and he feasted, with a growing zest of savagery, upon the hot flesh. Before he realized it he was dragging the substantial remnant of his meal to a place of hiding under an overhanging rock. Then, well content with himself, he crept into a dark thicket and slept for several hours.

When he awoke, a new risen moon was shining, with something in her light which half bewildered him, half stung him to uncomprehended desires. Skulking to the crest of a naked knoll, he saw the landscape spread out all around him, with a few twinkling lights of the straggling village below the slopes of the pasture. But not for lights, or for villages, or for men was his concern. Sitting up very straight on his gaunt haunches, he stretched his muzzle toward the taunting moon, and began to sound that long, dreadful gathering cry of his race.

It was an unknown, or a long-forgotten, voice in those neighborhoods, but none who heard it needed to have it explained. In half a minute every dog in the settlement was howling, barking, or yelping in rage or fear. To Lone Wolf all this clamor was as nothing. He paid no more attention to it than as if it had been the twittering of sparrows. Then doors opened and lights flashed as men came out to see what was the matter. Clearly visible, silhouetted against the low moon, Lone Wolf kept up his sinister chant to the unseen. But presently, out of the corner of his eye, he noted half a dozen men approaching up the pasture, with the noisy dogs at their heels. Men! That was different! Could it be that they wanted him? All at once he experienced a qualm of conscience, so to speak, about the sheep he had killed. It occurred to him that if sheep belonged to men there might be trouble ahead. Abruptly he stopped his serenading of the moon, slipped over the crest of the knoll, and made off, at a long, tireless gallop which before morning had put leagues between himself and the angry villagers.

After this he gave a wide berth to settlements, and having made his first kill, he suddenly found himself an accomplished hunter. It was as if long-buried memories had sprung all at once to life—memories, indeed, not of his own, but of his ancestors—and he knew, all at once, how to stalk the shy wild rabbits, to run down and kill the red deer. The country through which he journeyed was well stocked with game, and he fed abundantly as he went, with no more effort than just enough to give zest to his freedom. In this fashion he kept on for many days, working ever northward just because the wild lands stretched in that direction; and at last he came upon the skirts of a cone-shaped mountain, ragged with ancient forest, rising solitary and supreme out of a measureless expanse of wooded plain. From a jutting shoulder of rock his keen eyes noted but one straggling settlement—yet too far off to mar the vast seclusion of the height; and Lone Wolf, finding a cave in the rocks that seemed exactly designed for his retreat, felt that he had come into his own domain.

THE settlers around the skirts of Lost Mountain were puzzled and indignant. For six weeks their indignation had been growing, and the mystery seemed no nearer a solution. Something was slaughtering their sheep—something that knew its business and slaughtered with dreadful efficiency. Several honest dogs fell under suspicion—not because there was anything whatever against their reputations, but simply because they had the misfortune to be big enough and strong enough to kill a sheep if they wanted to—and the brooding backwoods mind, when troubled, will go far on the flimsiest evidence.

Of all the wrathful settlers the most furious was Brace Timmins. Not only had he lost in those six weeks six sheep, but now his dog, a splendid animal, half deerhound and half collie, had been shot on suspicion by a neighbor—on no better grounds, apparently, than his long legs and long, killing jaws. Still the slaughtering of the flocks went on with undiminished vigor. And a few days later Brace Timmins avenged his favorite by publicly thrashing his too hasty neighbor, in front of the crossroads store. The neighbor, pounded into exemplary penitence, apologized, and, as far as the murdered dog

was concerned, the score was wiped clean. But the problem of the sheep-killing was no nearer solution. If not Brace Timmins's dog—as every one now made prudent haste to acknowledge—then whose dog was it? The life of every dog in the settlement, if bigger than a woodchuck, hung by a thread—which might, it seemed, at any moment turn into a halter. Brace Timmins loved dogs; and not wishing that others should suffer the unjust fate which had overtaken his own, he set his whole woodcraft to the discovery of the true culprit.

Before he had made any great progress, however, on this trail, a new thing happened, and suspicion was lifted from the heads of all dogs. Joe Anderson's dog, a powerful beast, part sheep-dog and part Newfoundland, with a far-off streak of bull, and the champion fighter of the settlements, was found dead in the middle of Anderson's sheep-pasture, his whole throat fairly ripped out. He had died in defense of his charges; and it was plainly no dog's jaws that had done such mangling. What dog, indeed, could have mastered Anderson's "Dan"? "It's a bear gone mad on mutton," pronounced certain of the wise ones, idling at the crossroads store. "Ye

selecting a strong steel trap-chain from a box beside the counter, he sauntered off to put his plans in execution.

These plans were simple enough. He knew that he had a wide-ranging adversary to deal with. But he himself was a wide ranger, and acquainted with every cleft and crevice of Lost Mountain. He would find the great wolf's lair, and set his traps accordingly—one in the runway, to be avoided if the wolf was as clever as he ought to be, and a couple of others a little aside, to really do the work. Of course, he would carry his rifle, in case of need—but he wanted to take his enemy alive.

FOR several arduous but exciting days Timmins searched in vain alike the dark cedar swamps and the high, broken spurs of the mountain. Then, one windless afternoon, when the forest scents came rising to him on the clear air, far up the steep he found a climbing trail between gray, shelving ledges. Stealthily as a lynx he followed, expecting at the next turn to come upon the lair of the enemy. It was a just expectation, but as luck would have it that next turn, which would have led him straight to his goal, lay around a shoulder of rock whose foundations had been loosened by the rains. With a kind of long growl, rending and sickening, the rock gave way and sank beneath Timmins's feet.

Warned by the alert and unerring instinct of the woodsman, Timmins leaped into the air. Both high and wide he sprang, and so escaped being engulfed in the mass which he had dislodged. On the top of the ruin he fell—but he fell far and hard; and for some fifteen or twenty minutes after that fall he lay very still, while the dust and debris settled into silence under the quiet flooding of the sun.

At last he opened his eyes. For a moment he made no effort to move, but lay wondering where he was. A weight was on his legs, and, glancing downward, he saw that he was half covered with earth and rubbish. Then he remembered. Was he badly hurt? He was half afraid, now, to make the effort to move, lest he should find himself incapable of it. Still, he felt no serious pain. His head ached, to be sure; and he saw that his left hand was bleeding from a gash at the base of the thumb. That hand still clutched one of the heavy traps which he had been carrying—and it was plainly the trap that had cut him, as if in a frantic effort to escape. But where was his rifle? Cautiously turning his head, he peered around for it—but in vain, for during the fall it had flown far aside into the thickets. As he stared solicitously, all at once his dazed and sluggish senses sprang to life again with a scorching throb, which left a chill behind it. There, not ten paces away, sitting up on his haunches and eying him contemptively, was a gigantic wolf—much bigger, it seemed to him, than any wolf had any right to be.

Timmins's first instinct was to spring to his feet with a yell which might give the dreadful stranger to understand that he was a fellow it would not be well to tamper with. But his woodcraft stayed him. He was not by any means sure that he could spring to his feet. Still less was he sure that such an action would properly impress the great wolf, who, for the moment at least, seemed not actively hostile. Stillness, absolute immobility, was the trump-card to be always played, in the wilderness, when in doubt. So Timmins kept quite still, looking inquiringly at Lone Wolf. And Lone Wolf looked inquiringly at him.

For several minutes this waiting game went on. Then, with easy nonchalance, Lone Wolf lifted one huge hind paw and vigorously scratched his ear. This very simple action was a profound relief to Timmins.

"Sartain," he thought, "the crittur must be in an easy mood, or he'd never think to scratch his ear like that. Or maybe he thinks I'm so well buried I kin wait, like an old bone!"

Just then Lone Wolf got up, stretched himself, yawned prodigiously, came a couple of steps nearer, and sat down again, with his head cocked to one side, and a polite air of asking: "Do I intrude?"

"Sartain sure I'll never ketch him in a better humor!" thought Timmins. "I'll try the human voice on him."

"Git toh—out of that!" he commanded, in a sharp voice.

LONE WOLF cocked his head to the other side interrogatively. He had been spoken to, by Toomey, in that voice of authority—but the words were new to him. He felt that he was expected to do something, but he knew not what. He liked the voice—it was something like Toomey's. He liked the smell of Timmins's homespun shirt—it, too, was something like Toomey's. He became suddenly anxious to please this stranger. But what was wanted of him? He half arose to his feet, and glanced around to see if, perchance, the inexplicable order had been addressed to some one else. As he turned, Timmins saw, half hidden in the heavy fur of the neck, a stout leather collar.

"I swear!" he muttered. "If 'tain't a tame wolf

(Continued on page 23)



Not ten paces away, sitting on his haunches, eying him contemptively, was a gigantic wolf

see as how he hain't et the dawg, noways, but jest bit him, to teach him not to go interferin' as regards sheep."

"Ye're all off," contradicted Timmins, with authority. "A bear'd hev' tore him an' batted him an' mauled him more'n he'd hev' bit him. A bear thinks more o' usin' his forepaws than what he does his jaws, ef he gits into any kind of an onpleasantness. No, boys, our unknown friend up yonder's a wolf, take my word for it."

Joe Anderson snorted, and spat accurately out through the door.

"A wolf!" he sneered. "Go chase yerself, Brace Timmins; I'd like to see any wolf as could 'a' done up my Dan that way!"

"Well, keep yer hair on, Joe," retorted Timmins easily. "I'm a-goin' after him, an' I'll show him to you in a day or two, as like as not!"

"I reckon, Joe," interposed the storekeeper, leaning forward across the counter, "as how there be other breeds of wolf besides the sneakin' little gray varmint of the East here, what's been cleaned out of these parts fifty years ago. If Brace is right—an' I reckon he be—then it must aye be one of them big timber wolves we read about, what the Lord's took it into His head to plank down here in our safe old woods to make us set up an' take notice. You better watch out, Brace. If ye don't git the brute first lick, he'll git you!"

"I'll watch out!" drawled Timmins, confidently; and,



A STUDY IN FACES—A German Crowd: People of Berlin Watching the Arrival of Count Zeppelin's Airship and—

For the Reader of Books

Mr. Rowland Thomas, the well-known short-story writer, begins in this number the conduct of a Department of Book Reviews. The object will be to give to the reader an intelligent opinion about the most notable volumes as they are published—short summary opinions, not elaborate comment.

A Tribute Without Reservations

THEN felt I like some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken; though it was a very modest, unsensational sort of luminary, an unheralded book by an unknown writer.

"The Old Wives' Tale" has no lesson to teach, sermon to preach, or "isms" to uphold or overthrow. It is not exciting or stimulating, or "interesting" even, in one sense, for Mr. Arnold Bennett does not care, particularly, whether he amuses us or not. He's not watching us. His book tells no more story than life itself does. Two sisters are born and grow up in the stagnant quiet of an English provincial town. One lives out her days there. The other goes away. In old age they meet again, and we see what life has done to them.

See, not hear, for this book has blood in it. Bursley can be located on any terrestrial globe where Barchester and Wessex and Treasure Island are laid down. Constance and Sophia and the busily insignificant Mr. Povey are real people—real as Agnes Wickfield and the unfortunate husband of Mistress Becky Sharp.

That is enough to say. Stout Cortez, to accept Keats's view of history, set enthusiastic discoverers a useful lesson when he stood on that peak of his in Darien, discreetly silent. But to those who fail to enjoy this "Old Wives' Tale" a little searching of mind and heart is recommended. For it's the sort of book which gives you back just about what you bring to it—but gives it back transmuted by the touch of artistry.

The Fine Art of Living—Some Examples

EVERY Harvard graduate of the last generation remembers well a man who seemed, even to undergraduate observers, to be living with a standard and a plan before his quick, bright eyes; a man of soldierly carriage and abrupt ways, rather stern at times, who yet possessed a charm of manner such as few men have. He is dead now, but he left behind a record, sympathetically completed by his wife, of what it was he saw that kept him young to the end, vivid, enthusiastic, a boyishly ardent lover of clean and simple things and ways.

All who knew Professor Shaler will find in his auto-

biography much to treasure. Those who did not know him can learn there, if they care to, much about that part of him which did not die.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is another man who made his life obey him; and saw further than most of us can—or do—into the springs of other people's action. His publishers have observed this centenary of his birth by printing a tiny commentary on him, with selections from his poems. The volume is slender, but marked by the genial wit and acute philosophy which seldom fail Dr. Crothers.

The Fine Art of Living—Its Theory

THE ETHICS OF PROGRESS" is the academic title under which Charles F. Dole has chosen to hide a book brimming with vitality.

For to Dr. Dole ethics means no closet science of a Right and Wrong abstract as the ions of the physicists. It means the theory and practise of living, an occupation which concerns us and our next-door neighbors pretty closely.

He seeks a theory of conduct whose formulas shall hold good for those questions which we have been asking ourselves so seriously of late, about riches and poverty, land and monopolies, marriage and divorce, war, the abuse of alcohol, the backward races. And, to his own belief, at any rate, the author finds a workable theory, backed by the observed facts of human experience and human nature, for living happily and well in the world we're put in.

To the cynical and the disheartened he may seem to utter a Counsel of Perfection. But he speaks with broad-minded sympathy, chastened optimism, and solid common sense combined with an unflinching idealism, and withal writes in a simple and straightforward style, so that his book is an inspiration and a pleasure. One reader, at least, lays it down with the suspicion that living may be, after all, the finest of the fine arts; that what one makes of it depends, more than is always realized, on one's own skill in working up its raw materials.

Truth or Fiction?

IN HIS "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," Mr. John D. Rockefeller gives us at last a peep into his mind. Characteristically, he lets us look neither very deep nor very long, but what of his interior is thus revealed is rather fascinating. For this undesirable citizen, who has been pilloried, cartooned, dissected, muck-raked as few Americans ever were, this terrifically warning Sign of the Times, sees himself as a mild-mannered oldish gentleman with quiet tastes, which run mostly to tree-planting and organized charity, with a

trenchantly keen mind—as far as he lets it cut. This man, who has "made more money" than any one man ever did before, and who gave the best years of his life to that pursuit, looks back and says that he is satisfied.

So Mr. Rockefeller would have us see him, a hale old gentleman. Now enters Dr. William Allen White, full laden with probes and scalpels and other paraphernalia of anatomical and diagnostic research, removes the outward envelope of a Certain Rich Man—who might very well be the Mr. R. of tradition himself—and finds him a victim of acquiriviasis, with gilded degeneration of the heart, mind, and soul, in need of heroic treatment. No sufferer from this, says he, can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, or find Happiness on Earth. And 'twere best 'twere done quickly, or the latter end of him will be worse than the first. So he operates: and a cruel, bloody, major operation it is.

If Mr. White's thesis of the doom of the money-getter seems to us to lack the inevitableness which makes real tragedy, if his tracing of John Barclay's degeneration and suffering, awakening and reparation, seems a bit theatric, made to order, that is only half the book, fortunately. The other half is a moving picture, done with loving deftness which has rarely been excelled, of this growing America of ours. The dramatic thrill, the humor, and the pathos in the lives of common men working out uncommon things are there. And the style in which he writes is very attractive—that same gossiping manner which Mr. DeMorgan uses so effectively. Decidedly among the most rewarding of the season's books.

Disenchantment

LIKE Mr. White, Mr. Hall Caine in "The White Prophet," considers the hard case of a man whose life's foundations crumble under his feet. Suppose all imperialistic Englishmen were suddenly to doubt their heavenly call to rule the "new-caught sullen peoples," to question whether they have better to bestow than that they take away. What would become, forthwith, of half the British Empire? Suppose only one weakened, but that one a pillar of the empire at a time when pillars were sorely needed. Caught between the opposing irresistible forces of public duty and private conscience, where would that pillar end? That is Mr. Caine's theme, one naturally dramatic enough to build a great book on.

But the author is not the architect to build great books. All his besetting weaknesses are revealed in this one: his naive fondness for melodrama, his blindness to a boundary between the improbable and the impossible, his love for exaggerated sentiment.



An American Crowd: Fifth Avenue at the Close of the Military Parade of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration

For the Reader of Books

Despite all that the story holds one—like Marion Crawford, Mr. Caine has the inborn knack of storytelling—but, to pilfer from an irreverent contemporary—

*"He sits in a sea-green cavern,
With a bucket of lurid paint,
And paints the thing as it isn't,
For the God of Things as they Ain't."*

Coals to Newcastle

WHAT'S the sense in writing pleasant words about "best sellers"? And yet the three grouped here do not merit unpleasant ones. Each, in its way, is an honest piece of work.

In "Katrine" (Harpers, New York, \$1.50), Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane sets out, vividly and sympathetically, the romance of a young Irish singer who gave up a "career" for the sake of the man she loved.

Mr. Harold MacGrath has an audience waiting always. Those who like a lively, pretty story on the "Zenda" order will not be disappointed in "The Goose-Girl."

"Little Anne, of Green-Gables," found many friends. In "Anne of Avonlea," Miss Montgomery carries her a step further into life.

Realism—Touched Up

SO FAR as the memory of the writer goes, Mr. André Castaigne is the first to lay open the world where vaudeville performers—we beg their pardon, artistes—live. Whatever merit lies in novelty is therefore his—though we have a shrewd suspicion that in his search for novelty he at moments drops the hand of guiding Truth.

But the book has strength, and realism of a sort. The smell of painted canvas and sweating human flesh are in it, background for a conflict of crude passions not very agreeable to watch.

Is Marriage Discreet?

MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS answers; "Not nowadays." Mrs. Humphry Ward replies: "It's well to be careful—in America."

Mr. Phillips's "The Hungry Heart" leaves a rather rank after-flavor in the mind, due not merely, one fancies, to the people and incidents that figure in it, but also to the author's mental condition. The sense of sex has become an obsession with him, the Eternal Triangle—as the jargon of the day puts it, senselessly enough—a subject for serious study. And research in sex-

ual trigonometry is neither very savory nor very rewarding. Nevertheless the book demands a hearing. No one is writing in America to-day who puts a more sincere endeavor into his work than Mr. Phillips; very few surpass him in technical skill. Furthermore, the questions he raises here are not to be answered by smiles or sniffs or jeers, though they seem rather matter for private pondering than for public debate.

Life has always been a serious matter for Mrs. Ward's characters. In "Marriage à la Mode" they find it so very serious that one takes comfort in being able to feel, all along, that they are not real people at all, but merely simulacra, beautifully gotten up—for their creator is a craftswoman—and posed for the occasion, which is the airing of Mrs. Ward's opinions about divorce on this side the Atlantic. But since the woman in the case is a Spanish-American-Irish mestiza and the man a fortune-hunting Englishman, the cogent connection between this particular divorce and conditions in the United States is somewhat elusive.

All in all, the volume seems little likely to add to Mrs. Ward's well-earned reputation.

Romance

IF CHARLES READE had written nothing else, we should be his debtors for the wizardry by which he brought the very wind and sun of medieval Europe into the pages of "The Cloister and the Hearth." With a bit of that same magic in it, a book of quite another sort, Mr. William Lindsey's tale of old Provence, brings back the days of the troubadours in that land of Love and Song.

"The Severed Mantle" is a romance of no little charm, and Mr. Keller's illustrations in color add much to its attractiveness.

A Man's New England

NOT alone a numerous school of writers feminine by sex, but Hawthorne and Mr. Henry James, with their curiously unmasculine proclivity for emphasizing the minutiae of intellectual and moral housekeeping, are responsible for making the New England of literature seem a more ladyfied place than it actually is. (It's interesting, wholly, by the way, to note that Mr. White, Mr. Caine, and Mrs. Ward, in the books mentioned above, have all found it convenient to import a full-jeweled, stem-winding conscience, adjusted for heat and cold, from that region. So strong is tradition.)

In "Keziah Coffin," Mr. Joseph Lincoln gives us a man's view of rural New England. Those who expect here the rollicking fun for the fun's sake which has marked the author's former books will be disappointed.

He has chosen a serious theme, and if toward the end the God of the Machine is kept very, very busy, why—do not most stories crumble toward the end? A good, simple, sincere piece of writing, and a pleasing story.

An Ice-Cream-Soda Book

WITH the sparkle and tang of carbonated water and the mild, sweet savor of chocolate and sirup, is "The Golden Season," by Miss Myra Kelly, the vivacious chronicle of the escapades of a pair of college girls, with a love-story dropped in to fill the glass up. It would hardly fillip a palate jaded to the cocktail stage.

Realism?

IN "THE MOCCASIN RANCH" Mr. Hamlin Garland, so far as the background of his story is concerned, has drawn an unusually restrained and therefore truthful picture of the Dakota of the settlers, free from the unearthly picturesqueness which so many writers seem to feel it necessary to struggle for in writing of the West—as if they were all Mr. Gelasco achieving new Backdrops.

But the people of his little tragic interlude fail to stir our sympathies. Like Mrs. Ward's lay-figures, above noted, they lack the breath of life, just as their creator, in this instance, at least, lacks the saving grace of humorous perspective.

The Law of Heredity vs. Romance

IN "THE DANGER MARK" Mr. Robert Chambers puts a reverse English on the theme of "A Fighting Chance." In that book, you may remember—though for some curious reason a good many people are unwilling to admit that they take Mr. Chambers seriously enough to remember what he writes—still you may remember that the hero, with the help of a girl who loves him, fights and overcomes a case of chronic alcoholism. In the present case the hereditary taint, a strong one, is in the family of the heroine, a fairly novel situation which opens up some interesting possibilities.

But the theoretic situation does not hold Mr. Chambers long. He, too, is of the happy ones whose pens, once dipped, must tell a story. In the sweep of it the disease is quickly routed, the girl is rushed into her lover's arms, and all is joyous for the time at least, since children-to-be are coolly left to take their chances. A stirring yarn, but one is tempted to wonder what Mendel, or Dr. Crampton of Columbia, or the expositors of the "new science" of eugenics, would think of the biological morality of such a mating.

Kranich & Bach PIANO



START THE CHILDREN RIGHT

It is as important musically for a child to begin piano practice with a good piano as to begin reading and studying with good books.



To early educate the child so that it becomes familiar with the refinements of perfect tonal quality is the first element of musical culture.

TO accustom the delicate and maturing hand of a child to the great possibilities of a properly constructed piano action, not only facilitates correct technique but avoids the necessity of subsequently unlearning faults that retard.

The Kranich & Bach Upright Pianos possess structural features that place them in a class of their own in the small group of Strictly High Grade instruments and it is extremely important to intending piano purchasers that these exclusive improvements be investigated in the comparison of relative advantages.

WRITE for pamphlet describing the "ISOTONIC" pedal used in our grands, and the "VIOEYN" metal plate used in our Uprights and Player Pianos—Our new catalogue will also be forwarded. FAVORABLE installment terms. Old pianos in exchange.

Kranich & Bach, 233-45 E. 23rd Street
New York

4620 Satisfied

HESS FURNACE CUSTOMERS

Bought Our Heating Outfits on the Same Conditions We Now Offer YOU. If the Furnaces and Outfits had not been all we claim, and had they not been easily and properly installed under our simple, clear plans and directions we would have lost a fortune.

We Back Our Guarantee with

60 Winter Days Free Test

At Our Risk and Cost

As manufacturers, directly responsible to you for satisfactory results, we will send you a Hess Steel Furnace and complete heating outfit, including pipes, registers, fittings and everything needed, made to fit your measurements, with correct plans and instructions for installing, at \$25 to \$100 less than you can buy from dealers. We deliver the outfit at your station, freight prepaid. You place the purchase price in the hands of your local banker, who will hold the money 60 days while you test the heater. In case the test is not satisfactory in every way, you may return the goods at our expense and the banker will refund your money.

Don't Pay an Exorbitant Price for a Heating Outfit

We have manufactured heating outfits for 36 years, and can assure you that there is no necessity for paying the exorbitant prices demanded by others in order to have a modern, high-grade furnace and outfit installed in your building.

Send us a rough sketch of any building you wish to heat. Without any charge or obligation on your part, we will have our expert furnace draftsmen prepare a plan which you can easily understand, showing the best way to heat your building, including every detail of the furnace, pipes, registers, etc., in their proper places, with the exact cost to you of the complete equipment. No charge for this.

Easy to Install. By following our simple, clear plans and directions, any man handy with tools can easily install a Hess Furnace and outfit. We furnish all the necessary tools. Write for our free booklet, "Modern Furnace Heating" and "These Bear Witness." They tell much you should know before ordering your heating equipment.

Hess Warming and Ventilating Company, 332 Tacoma Building, Chicago



No. 45
HESS "LEADER"
Steel Furnace

Price \$49.00

Delivered East of Omaha
and North of Ohio River
Pipes and Registers Extra



JOSH BILLINGS said that "the only thing some underwear is good for is to make a fellow scratch and forget his other troubles."

THAT WAS BEFORE THE DAY OF

Wright's Health Underwear

It is the fleece of comfort, and can't scratch

Keeping out the cold and keeping in the bodily heat is only the beginning of the good work of Wright's Health Underwear. It stands guard over the sensitive skin, preventing that sudden closing of the pores which causes colds, coughs, and congestion in various parts of the body.

Wright's Health Underwear, made by a recent process, of selected high-grade wool, is the best on the market. Yet it is in reach of people of moderate means. Not a bad, just a sensible "loop-knit" woolen garment, lined with the fleece of comfort.

Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

Is a product based upon the need of an underwear with an unusually wide range of elasticity. It is knit on patented improved Spring Needle Knitting Machines, which produce a fabric of wonderful elastic properties. It is so constructed that it yields to fit perfectly any form, and when taken off the body resumes its normal shape and size. Made in beautiful fabrics of cotton, also wool.

Inquire at your dealer for Wright's Underwear and always look for the woven label trade-mark. Union Suits and two piece garment. "Dressing for Health," a valuable booklet free.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., 47 Franklin St., New York



Mr. Forbes-Robertson as an Angel

And Some of the Delights of Vicarious Burglary

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE supernatural visitor who makes bad people good is cheerful company generally, in stories and on the stage. People like to be good, really, and they are delighted to be reformed when the reformer is sufficiently superhuman not to be suspected of ulterior designs or comes from some distant and impossible bourne whence it is quite certain he will bother them to-morrow. Such a theme was used in "A Message from Mars," for instance, in Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "The Servant in the House," and in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

An all-seeing character, The Passerby, comes to a shabby-genteel London boarding-house, and by appealing, one by one, to the better nature of its inmates brushes aside the superficial vulgarity and sordidness in which each is veiled and leaves them all at last the genuine and likable men and women which it was possible for all to be. Treated like a lady—and any one who has seen him can imagine the gracious courtesy with which this feat is performed by Mr. Forbes-Robertson—the nagging, cheating landlady becomes a lady indeed. The flippancy and caddish young man utilizes his humorous gifts by becoming a music-hall entertainer and regarding himself as an artist and philanthropist whom the public needs. The lady with the rouge and bleached hair becomes the quiet and really charming woman of forty which she might have been—and so on.

The first act shows the characters as they were, in the second The Passerby takes each in hand in turn and, so to speak, waves his wand over them, and in the last we have them in their regenerated forms, and The Passerby takes his leave. We regret that as he disappears into the night a beam of unearthly light shines through the transom while Stasia, the rejuvenated slavey, sees fit to step into it and raise her arms in an apparent act of adoration. The intellectual humor which Mr. Forbes-Robertson allows gently to play over and save even maudlin situations is not available here because Mr. Forbes-Robertson has closed the door and we have only Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

What his play might be without the fine atmosphere of distinction cast over it by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and a very clever company, one rather shudders to consider. It is merely a series of dialogues between the boarders and the mysterious stranger whose method of reforming each is mechanically the same. And the characters themselves are stock types taken from the dusty files of British humor and family story papers. Merely to observe Mr. Forbes-Robertson's demeanor and hear him speak the English language is, however, a very tolerable evening's entertainment in itself, and his capable assistants, especially Miss Haidee Wright as the painted lady, Mr. Montague Rutherford as the retired major, and Mr. A. G. Poulton as a Jew from the "City," contrived to give each of their little "bits" a captivating neatness and individuality.

The piece was played all last year in London. So many people do not go to church in these days, and the ordinary admonitions to virtue come to them across the footlights with such delightful freshness and dramatic force, that there seems no reason why it shouldn't stay as long here.

A Horrible Example

"ARSENE LUPIN," which comes to us from France by way of England, feeds quite another yearning. It is designed to provide that vicarious enjoyment which honest folk get from seeing stage people break all the laws which they themselves scrupulously observe in real life. This Arsène Lupin was a healthy and clever young man who devoted all his talents to burglary. He stole industriously and with astonishing insolence, and he even becomes engaged to a young lady to steal her father's old masters and her own diamond tiara.

In real life he would be detestable, but the virtuous British public, which could not see one of Mr. Shaw's recent plays because some of its characters had borrowed syllables from real British politicians for their names, viewed his villainy with an almost romantic delight, and the play has continued here for several weeks. The desire to see other people indulge in the crimes which one denies one's self must be widespread and vivid to make audiences sit through a piece so puerile and tiresome.

As talk about the wonderful Lupin begins as soon as the curtain rises, you consult the program to see who plays the part. It is not there, but, as Mr. William

Courtenay is the star, the experienced spectator at once knows that he is Lupin and not the Duke of Charmance, as the simple-minded authors would apparently have one believe. Whatever suspense is supposed to exist is broken at once, and one waits with what patience one can through three acts until the invincible French detective, who hasn't consulted the program, arrives at the same conclusion.

I do not pretend to be a detective, but when I see an armchair covered with a mysterious cloth turned with its back to the audience while a pair of heels visibly project beneath it, I am aware that some one is in the chair. And when the French detective, after leading up to the situation with several minutes of obvious dialogue, whisks the cloth off like a prestidigitator uncovering a bowl of goldfish, I am unable to share in the author's enthusiasm that here is evidently another Sherlock Holmes. And when Duchard adds the Duke to hold a lantern in the fireplace while he climbs up it and shouts across the latter's shoulder to the audience, "I can tell by that whether he leaves the spot!" I found it difficult to be dazzled by the Duke's ingenuity in hanging the lantern to the crane while he let the lovely Sonia slip out the front door.

Mr. William Courtenay is good as a young American, but quite at sea as a magically clever and quite unscrupulous Frenchman—a part which requires in addition to his cheerful freshness something of the diabolical ingenuity which Mr. George Arliss is able to portray. Mr. Herbert worked hard as the French detective and was always most discouragingly beaten. One felt sorry for Mr. Herbert.

Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Drew

IT IS a pleasure to turn from this rather absurd entertainment to the genuinely amusing little comedy, "The Fortune Hunter," which Mr. Winchell Smith has written for young Mr. John Barrymore. The fortune hunter was an extremely dilettante youth who went down to a little Pennsylvania town with the firm intention of becoming a millionaire within a year by marrying its richest heiress. There are always such heiresses in such towns, so his friend Kellogg told him, the eligible men go away to the city, and all you have to do is to wear extremely becoming but quiet clothes, get a job, go to church, and have dry books and red and black ink on your desk, so as to get the reputation of being a student.

If you follow this system, Kellogg says, the girls will do the rest. They do. Meanwhile, however, the young man has come really to like work, has transformed the village drug-store into a dazzling palace, and acquired so many sterling virtues that, of course, it isn't uppish Miss Josie Lockwood, the banker's daughter, who finally captures him. Miss Lockwood was an up-and-doing young person, however, and the scene in which she nearly makes the young man unhappy for life is perhaps the most amusing comedy in which Mr. Barrymore has participated.

The part of this decorative but indolent youth is neatly fitted to young Mr. Barrymore's graceful person, the agreeably idiotic demeanor he so easily assumes, and even to his habit of sitting pigeon-toed. Sometimes he imitates his distinguished Uncle Jack, and the interesting suggestion frequently recurs that Mr. Drew's plan may some day be continued by a younger member of the same famous family.

Mr. Drew, whose annual impersonation of himself has an unchangeable quality, beside which most of our other national institutions seem shifting and unreliable, appears this year in an adapted French farce entitled "Inconstant George." It is amusing and smoothly done, and new delights await Mr. Drew's extensive audience in the sight of him in bed in a becoming suit of blue pajamas.

Turning to the ladies, one feels justified in recommending Miss Charlotte Thompson's adaptation of Mrs. Margaret Deland's novel, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," and the appearance therein of Miss Margaret Anglin. As a woman who tried to escape the unhappiness of a cruelly unfortunate marriage by making her own code of morals and taking her happiness where she could get it, and was later brought to a realization of her mistake when the mesh of falsity in which she was bound began also to involve the child which she had adopted and learned to love, Miss Anglin does perhaps the best work of her career. It is genuine feeling and sane psychology that she has to do with here, and she expresses it genuinely.

engel

experienced
is Lupin and
as the simple
ntly have
is supposed
nd one waits
through three
ch detective
gram, arrives

detective, but
vered with a
its back to
heels visibly
re that some
d when the
ng up to the
es of obvious
like a pres-
t of goldfish,
author's an-
ntly another
Duchard asks
in the fire-
and shouts
to the anti-
ier he learns
t to be an-
in hanging
e he let the
door.

good as a
at sea as a
inscrupulous
quires in ad-
s something
which Mr.
y. Mr. Dur-
ch detective
ingly beaten
t.

Drew

a this rather
the gen-
"The For-
chell Smith
ohn Barry-
was an ex-
went down
n with the
millionaire
its richest
ch heiresses
Kellogg told
to the city,
o wear ex-
thes, get a
y books and
sk, so as to
tudent.

ellogg says,
do. Mean-
n has come
formed the
ling palace,
ing virtues
Miss Josie
ghter, who
ckwood was
n, however,
arly makes
life is per-
y in which

ut indolent
Mr. Barry-
ceably idi-
sumes, and
pigeon-toed
stinguished
suggestion
rew's place
a younger
mily.

ersonation
le quality,
er national
unreliable,
ced French
ge." It is
nd new de-
sive audi-
bed in a

Is justified
te Thomp-
et Deland's
na Richie,"
Miss Mar-
o tried to
ruely un-
her own
happiness
was later
er mistake
ch she was
the child
ed to love,
best work
eeling and
o do with
nely.



Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Preserves and Promotes Hair Growth

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by Only One Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*.

They are in over 2500 towns and cities in the United States.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, 65 LEON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

A Tribute of Genuine Worth



A man whose clothes fit him well, and give him the distinction of carefully studied style, is well dressed in Chicago, in Paris or in London.

Clothes which fall short in these qualities are as bad in one country as another—useless in any country—and are quickly passed by.

Men of discriminating fashions are wearing to-day, in the streets and clubs of London, clothes made in America by Stein-Bloch and bearing the Stein-Bloch label.

Never before in her history has England witnessed such a sight.

It is a tribute worth while that Stein-Bloch are the only tailors in America who meet the Englishman's standards. It means that Englishmen, as well as Americans, have recognized in them the passport of the gentleman as indicated by the style and fit of his clothes.

The full Fall and Winter collection of suits and overcoats is at your disposal, in your own home town, to be examined and tried on at your clothier's. Try them on.

Their price is convenient to your purse and to your self-respect.

Ask to see this label. It means
55 years of Knowing How.



Write for "Smartness," illustrating these
world-wide styles from photographs.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Offices and Shops:
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Tailors for Men

LONDON:
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.,
Oxford St., West

NEW YORK:
The Fifth Avenue Bldg.

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use POMPEIAN and Have One"

The several million users of Pompeian Massage Cream wonder why every one does not have this standard face cream constantly in the home. Likewise, those who have never tried to discover Pompeian's rare merits and benefits wonder how so many million jars can be sold every year.

You yourself will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look; how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in your appearance until your face is "Pompeian clean."

Just take a pinch of Pompeian; rub it on your moistened face—and well into the pores. A few more moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished! You never suspected that so much dirt could stay in your skin, despite soap and water scrubbing.

A glance in your mirror further astonishes you. The old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place of that "drawn" tired look is a skin that has the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath." The unsuspected pore-dirt will astonish you, too, when first you use Pompeian.

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

If you wish to try before you buy, send 6c in coin or stamps for a trial jar. Or better still, read poster-calendar offer below, and send 16c for trial jar and a copy of "Pompeian Beauty."

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

"The Standard
Face Cream"

Dealers Everywhere, 50c, 75c and \$1

Send for 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" Poster-Calendar

Our lavender and gold 1910 Poster-Calendar panel is 3 feet high and 7 1/4 in. wide. The small reproduction of "Pompeian Beauty," as shown on the right, gives but a faint idea of the exquisite detail of color and costume. Beautifully lithographed in lavender and gold, each copy going through the press 14 times. No advertising matter is printed on front of panel—just the artist's name-plate as you see it in the small reproduction herewith. 1910 Calendar is printed on rear to permit of artistic framing. But the panel effect really does away with the necessity of framing. A loop at top permits of easy hanging. This "Pompeian Beauty" girl will be the Poster-Calendar sensation of 1910. The supply is limited. We trust you will send for one early enough to avoid disappointment. Delay never won any success. The only sure way is to write now before you lay this paper aside. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps. For 16c we will send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, the standard face cream, and "Pompeian Beauty," 3 feet high and in lavender and gold. You may order both or either.

Men Also Find Pompeian Indispensable

Read what users say:

1. "Makes Shaving a Success."—Mr. J. H. M., Portland, Me.
2. "Makes your face clean and clear on the morning after."—Mr. J. H. M., Nashua, N. H.
3. "Clears the skin like a month in the mountains."—Mr. D. R. F., Philadelphia, Pa.
4. "Introduces you to your handsomer self."—Mr. L. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.
5. "A neck-easer for the close shaver."—Mr. F. H. S., New York City.

The above lines are a few of many thousands recently sent to us by users of Pompeian Massage Cream. They are entered in a contest for the best lines describing the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream. Read again what the men say about Pompeian, and resolve to get it to-day at your druggist's, or to have it used at your barber's. Be sure to get the original Pompeian. There are countless cheap and often times injurious imitations on which the barber makes more money—at your expense. Look for "Pompeian" on the jar.

Pompeian rubs in and rolls out. This cleanses the pores as even soap and water can not. That dead skin "old-man" look will depart if you use Pompeian Massage Cream.

A TRIAL JAR sent for 6c in coin or stamps. Why not send 16c today for poster-calendar and trial jar? You will be more than pleased. Read description above.

Sold by 50,000 dealers. Used in 40,000 high-class barber shops.

50c, 75c and \$1 sizes

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
3 PROSPECT ST. CLEVELAND, O.



For copies of above 1910
"Pompeian Beauty" Poster-
Calendar see offer.

In lavender and gold, 3 feet high.



Brickbats and Bouquets

Kind Words and Bitter Spoken by Editors, Subscribers, and Readers, Regular and Occasional, About Collier's

"The litigation between the great weekly and the Erie boss will be observed with great interest everywhere and especially in Niagara County, in which political unit Connors has shown a great deal of interest at one time and another in his career since money and power came his way. Connors is fighting the most powerful and the richest weekly on the Western Continent. He will, however, give it one of the hardest struggles it has ever known in its long, useful, and honorable career."

—Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.

"What has become of the old-fashioned baby which was so small at birth that a teacup would fit over its head?"

—Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

"It has grown up and is writing editorials for COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

—Hutchinson (Kans.) News.

"This raises a very interesting physiological question, one that, as we believe, the doctors only can answer. It is whether a baby with such a diminutive head could grow up."

—Indianapolis (Ind.) News.

"There are several of the weekly papers that rank with the monthlies or precede them in national standing and influence. First and best of all is COLLIER'S, which to-day accompanies and helps to guide the most progressive, the most earnest, and the most effective American public sentiment."

—Los Angeles (Cal.) Pacific Outlook.

"Out here in Utah we like the paper. It has an admirable line of capital illustrations."

—Salt Lake City (Utah) Republican.

"Few publications in this wide world are so brave in attack and so generous in defense, and not many stand so faithfully by high ideals. But now and then it opens its pages to the essence of rot."

—Tacoma (Wash.) News.

"A vicious sheet that has the nerve to call itself 'The National Weekly.'"

—Seattle (Wash.) Times.

"It is doing a big work. It can help the South, and the South can give it moral as well as material support in its high ambitions."

—Columbia (S. C.) State.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

"The two greatest secular agencies that America has produced to raise the standard of the world's manhood are Roosevelt and COLLIER'S. The dogs that each have hit have howled."

"The advertising of COLLIER'S is attractive and worth looking over. No 'Duffy' for consumption here."

"L. HAYNES, BUXTON, M.D., LL.D.,
Late Superintendent of Public Health of Oklahoma."

"The worm of conscience still wriggles in the heart of COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

—Chicago (Ill.) Post.

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY is a most contemptible publication, striving for notoriety with least possible regard for the verities."

—Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

"COLLIER'S is not accustomed to speak without knowledge, as many have had occasion to learn."

—Galesburg (Ill.) Register.

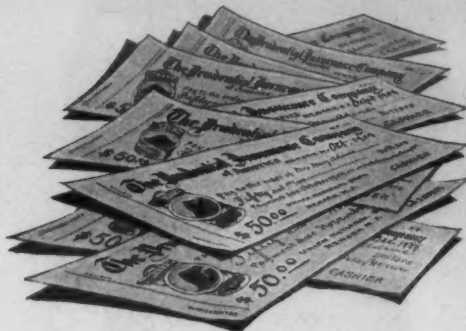
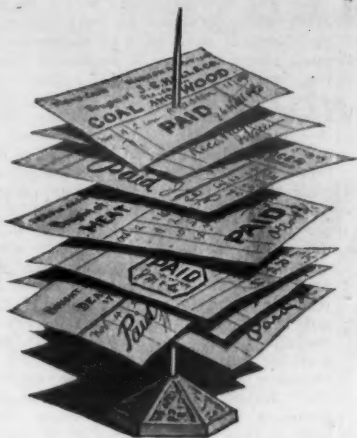
"A weekly periodical published in New York City for a purpose best known to itself."

—Music Trades Review (New York).

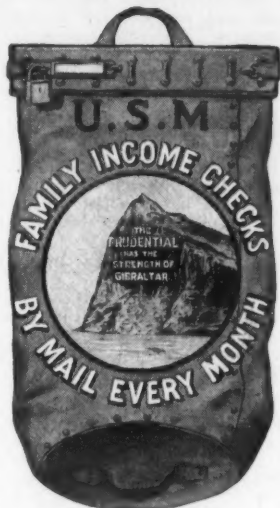
Household Bills Paid

Every Month for Life

By
Monthly
Income
Checks
of



The Prudential



Newest
Monthly
Income
Policy

The Prudential Insurance Company OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE:
Newark, N. J.

Dept.
27

Send this coupon
for full particulars
and cost.

For \$..... a Month
With Cash Payment at Death

Name

Address

Occupation

My Age is

Beneficiary's Age

You Need This Policy Whether You Are Now Insured or Not



"Farseen"

TRADE-MARK
Wouldn't you
like one of these hand-
some Farseen Ther-
mometers?

Very convenient,
highly ornamental. Ma-
hogany or oak. An
accurate indication of

temperature in any room, can be placed on the
desk, table, mantel—easily read across the room.

Price \$1.00 sent to your address by mail.
Money back if unsatisfactory. When ordering state
style desired. Send us your order today. Send for
our complete catalogue.

Standard Thermometer Co., 65 Shirley St., Boston, Mass.



SHOE
POLISH

The only polish
combining the
best properties
of liquids and
pastes.

No Turpentine
No Acids
THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y. — Hamilton, Ont.



10¢

At All Dealers



"Simonds Saws ARE the Best"
Awarded GRAND PRIZE, Seattle Exposition.
No other make of Saws merited or won equal award.
SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

15 CENTS 13 WEEKS
In this illustrated na-
tional weekly all the
important news of the
world is stated clearly, fairly,
briefly, for busy readers. Non-partisan, reliable. Unique foreign sum-
mary, popular novels condensed, odd sketches, home diversions—many
original features of rare interest. Brightly and entertaining—runs paper
for the home. Send 15c now for 13 weeks to Pathfinder, Wash., D. C.



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Adler's Collegian Clothes

are the ideal garments for the young man. Not at all freakish in character, they nevertheless possess every desirable feature of good style. We aim to avoid ridiculous extremes because our garments are designed for a very particular class of people, and we know that refined, artistic looking garments are what they demand. You will find our idea of quality very pleasing. After you have worn one of our garments for a season or two, you will realize what our quality standard means to you. You will say that you never had clothes which wore so well and which retained so permanently, their new, fresh appearance. The autumn and winter fashions in suits and overcoats are now being shown by the most representative clothiers in all parts of America. Prices range from \$15.00 to \$40.00. Write for our fashion suggester. It will thoroughly post you on values and style. Mailed free.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.

Nobby Clothes Makers

Milwaukee

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 19c. Sample and Booklet from Park & Tilford, 227 Broadway, New York.

Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.

Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

Brown's Famous Pictures



Reproductions of Famous Paintings, Portraits, and Scenes of Famous People, etc., thousands of subjects, size 5 1/2 x 8. One cent each. 120 for \$1.00.

Send 2c stamp to pay postage. We will send 2 Sample Pictures and big catalogue with 1000 miniature illustrations.

COLORED PICTURES OF BIRDS. Also 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 per 100. Catalogue and sample for 2c stamp.

GEO. P. BROWN & CO.

BEVERLY, MASS.

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢, 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

The Fight for Water in the West

(Continued from page 15)

over water-power. Owing to the first settlers of Utah being Mormons and working cooperatively, little trouble has arisen over irrigation waters until very recently when the enterprise of "water hogs" in other sections seems to have stirred the ambitions of some modern Mormons. The most recent venture is known as the Enterprise in southern Utah. Here exists some wonderfully rich land; but for six months of the year the streams become dry gravel beds. Some very poor Mormons went into this section. They didn't mix themselves up with corporation exploiters like the Grand Valley people of Colorado, but in almost child-like simplicity and honesty filed on one of these dry gravel beds for exactly the amount of water their lands would need, not a foot more. Then, without waiting to know whether work certificates were legal or not, they began building up the Enterprise Storage Reservoir with their own teams, working year after year till they had raised a dam with sufficient water for their farms. The settlers prospered. A company in Utah began seeing visions. Only a fraction of the water storage possible had been filed by the settlers. The company went in above the settlers' reservoir and filed for all the remaining water of the river. Other farmers had meanwhile poured in and needed more water than the settlers' reservoir could supply. Against these new settlers the company could charge what it liked or force them out. If the thing had gone into the law court, legally the company could have forced the people out; but Senator Smoot took hold of the situation. All of the contestants happened to be Mormons, and the farmers invoked the church courts. There the case rests; and it is hardly necessary to say that if it goes to the legal courts the hand of the church will not be slack; for legally the farmers would lose.

Litigants Lock Horns

IN THE most of cases the companies have located their plants on public land for which they have no title whatsoever. When in Cottonwood Cañon the national forests required the company to take out a permit, it at once produced an old limestone placer claim as title. A geologist, on examination, declared there was no limestone there. Presto—the company whipped out an old copper location. The "copper" locator and the "placer" locator

at once began to litigate, and the litigants locked horns permanently; and the Federal Land Office can not act till the litigants are out of the way; and in this fashion the power plant gets its "white" coal free from the national forests. All along the Boise and the Snake Rivers are power sites held on just such title. Hundreds of power sites lying at the mouth of a gulch, like the cork of a bottle and controlling all the upper reaches, are held in southern Idaho and Montana on placer claims.

Where the Water Hole Means Life

DOWN in Kaibab, Grand Cañon, Arizona, a man found a lake. Now if there is one place on earth where water must be kept free as air, it is in the desert country of Arizona, where the water hole means life or death to man and beast; but that argument does not touch the "water hog." This lake was in the national forests. The man could not get control of it as a homestead; so he filed a mining claim known as Jacob's Lode, banked up some mud, sank a shaft, and sold the lake to a big cattle company. The Government filed suit to annul patent, but the suit was hushed up and the facts suppressed.

At another place in the Kaibab, Arizona, the same man transferred the Homestead claim to a big corporation. On investigation it was found the claim covered the almost perpendicular face of a ledge. At the foot of the ledge trickled out a little stream of water into a trough chiseled out of the solid rock where the cattle from fifty miles distant were driven to drink. The "water hog" had done the work required under a mining claim by tunneling into the mountain. The tunnel acted as a water pipe. Then he sold out to a big company, and even passing teams are barred out from the water.

Still more bold-faced was the Cane Lode claim. This was inside the national forests on the face of a ledge. The water was piped from the face of the alleged mining site down to a section of half-breed scrip which the water exploiter had bought, and there put in storage for a big company; but the national forests stand for the same rights to the little man as to the big man; and before the "water hog" could get title and sell out, his entry was canceled. To-day his howl has joined the chorus of water-power clamor against the tyranny of the national forests; "The national forests must be abolished."

Lone Wolf of Lost Mountain

(Continued from page 21)

what's got away!" And with that he sat up; and pulling his legs, without any very serious hurt, from their covering of earth and sticks, he got stiffly to his feet. For a moment the bright landscape reeled and swam before him, and he had a vague sense of having been hammered all over his body. Then he steadied himself. He saw the wolf was watching him with the expression of a diffident but friendly dog who would like to make acquaintance. As he stood puzzling his wits he remembered having read about the great fire which had recently done such damage to Silaby & Hopkins's circus; and he concluded that the stranger was one of the fugitives from that disaster.

"Come here, sir! Come here, Big Wolf!" said he, holding out a confident hand.

"Wolf"—that was a familiar sound to Lone Wolf's ears. It was at least a part of his name! And the command was one he well understood. Wagging his tail gravely, he came at once, and thrust his great head under Timmins's hand for a caress. He had enjoyed his liberty, to be sure—but he was beginning to find it lonely.

Timmins understood animals. His voice, as he talked to the redoubtable brute beside him, was full of kindness, but at the same time vibrant with authority. His touch was gentle, but very firm and unhesitating. Both touch and voice conveyed very clearly to Lone Wolf's disciplined instinct the impression that this man, like Toomey, was a being who had to be obeyed, whose mastery was inevitable and beyond the reach of question. When Timmins told him to lie down, he did so at once; and stayed there obediently while Timmins gathered himself together, shook the dirt out of his hair and boots, recovered his cap, wiped his bleeding hand with leaves, and hunted up his scattered traps

and rifle. At last Timmins took two big, dragged but massive pork sandwiches, wrapped in newspaper, from his pocket, and offered one to his strange associate. Lone Wolf was not hungry, being full of perfectly good mutton; but being too polite to refuse, he gulped down the sandwich. Timmins took out the steel chain, snapped it on to Lone Wolf's collar, said, "Come on!" and started homeward. And Lone Wolf, trained to a short leash, followed close at his heels.

Timmins's breast swelled with exultation. What was the loss of one dog and half a dozen no-account sheep to the possession of this magnificent captive and the prestige of such a naked-handed capture? He easily inferred, of course, that his triumph must be due, in part at least, to some resemblance to the wolf's former master, whose dominance had plainly been supreme. His only anxiety was as to how the great wolf might conduct himself toward Settlement Society in general. Assuredly nothing could be more lamblike than the animal's present demeanor; but Timmins remembered the fate of Joe Anderson's powerful dog, and had his doubts. He examined Lone Wolf's collar and congratulated himself that both collar and chain were strong.

It was getting well along in the afternoon when Timmins and Lone Wolf emerged from the thick woods into the stumpy pastures and rough burnt lands that spread back irregularly from the outlying farms. And here, while crossing a wide pasture known as Smith's Lots, an amazing thing befell. Of course, Timmins was not particularly surprised, because his backwoods philosophizing had long ago led him to the conclusion that when things get started happening they have a way of keeping it up. Days, weeks, months, glide by without events enough

the litigant
and the Fed
till the his
and in this
its "white"
forests. All
like Rivers are
h title. How
at the month
a bottle and
reaches, are
and Montana

Teas Life
aion, Arizona
ow if there is
r must be kept
rt country of
ole means life
ut that argu-
er hog." This
sta. The man
as a home-
claim known
o some mud-
lake to a big
ernment filed
the suit was
pressed,
Kaibab, Ari-
ed the House-
tion. On in-
claim covered
e of a ledge,
felled out a
trough chis-
ere the cattle
re driven to
ad done the
ng claim by
The tunnel
he sold out
assing teams
e Cane Lode
national for-
The water
the alleged
ion of half-
exploiter had
age for a big
orests stand
tle man as
the "water
ut, his entry
I has joined
mor against
rests: "The
shed."

in

ook two be-
sandwiches,
his pocket.
e associate,
eing full of
ing too po-
n the sand-
steel chain,
collar, said,
ward. And
leash, fol-
with exulta-
f one dog
deep to the
captive and
anded cap-
ourse, that
rt at least,
lf's former
lainly been
as to how
et himself
neral. As-
e lamblike
enor; but
e of Joe
I had his
off's collar
both col-

the after-
one Wolf
into the
rnt hands
m the out-
crossing a
a Lots, an
rse. Tim-
rised, be-
izing had
sion that
ning they
ys, weeks
ts enough

Bell Telephone Quality

The Standard for All

Hawthorn

Electrical Equipment



Quality in manufacture of electrical apparatus is the keynote of the policy of the Western Electric Company.

The development of the Bell Telephone, from the first crude instrument shown at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, to the perfect, clear-speaking telephone which is to-day recognized as standard throughout the world, is the achievement of the Western Electric Company.

Painstaking care and a high order of design and workmanship have accomplished it.

That Western Electric telephones are used by the entire Bell system and thousands of other companies in this country and abroad and are considered standard by the United States and most Foreign Governments speaks loudly for the recognition of that quality.

The superior quality that has made for the success of the telephone has been embodied by the Western Electric Company in all electrical equipment sold under the trade name

Hawthorn

This name originates from the location of the Company's largest plant at Hawthorne, Illinois, well styled the Electrical Capital of America. "Hawthorn" is the only name that you need remember to insure quality in anything electrical, from a dry battery to a power motor.

"Hawthorn" motors will run a printing press or a coffee mill economically, or they will run a shop, eliminating belts and shafting, at a saving of from 25 to 40 per cent.

We will be glad to furnish figures on complete private plants for suburban residences, which will supply power for lighting, heating, cooking, pumping, charging storage batteries, running small motors for churns, lathes, freezers, etc.

Their cost is reasonable and they soon pay for themselves in service.

The telephone has a significance entirely aside from the communication it secures for you with the outside world.

In nearly every business enterprise, the store, the shop, the factory, in every town house or country residence, there is need for the intercommunicating telephones. These are independent, inside telephones, connecting the different departments of a business or the various rooms of a house. They require no switchboard, no operator—the action is automatic. You press a button and are in instant communication with any part of the building.

The intercommunicating telephone is the greatest business economizer and business organizer of the age, the great economizer of time and energy, the great home convenience and comfort.

The average cost of installation of a private system, including labor and all material, is less than \$25.00 per station, and the cost of maintenance no greater than for your door bell.

Western Electric

telephone apparatus is your guarantee of "Bell Quality."

The Western Electric Company, in addition to its factories, has distributing houses in eighteen of the principal cities of the country, each carrying complete stocks of electrical supplies and fully equipped to take care of the business in its territory.

These houses, and thousands of established agencies, guarantee prompt service in the furnishing of electrical apparatus and supplies.

Write our nearest house, Dept. 76 B, stating the subject in which you are interested and we will send you full and complete information without cost.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta.	Boston, Pittsburg.	Chicago, Indianapolis.	Cincinnati, Minneapolis.	Write our nearest house.	Saint Louis, Kansas City, Omaha.	Denver, Dallas.	San Francisco, Los Angeles.	Seattle, Salt Lake City.
MONTREAL, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd.				ANTWERP Bell Telephone Manufacturing Co.	LONDON Western Electric Company	BERLIN Telephon Apparat Fabrik, E. Zweisach & Co.	PARIS Société de Matériel Téléphonique	

Lifts You Above "The Crowd"

The distinguishing mark of being well dressed is yours when you wear **Harvard Clothes**. In these classy garments the young man is always at his best.

HARVARD CLOTHES

are the latest expression of good taste in dress. Smart but not loud. If you want to be the best dressed in your vicinity, ask your dealer for our Department 2 Clothes. They are the best tailored in the world.

Your name and your dealer's name entitles you to a copy of the **Harvard Book**, which contains the latest dictates of fashion in young men's wearing apparel, and the world's record in baseball, golf, running and all out-door sports up to June, 1920. Send for a copy today.

You'll find the old Harvard Gate on our label in the inside coat pocket. Look for it.



DAUBE, COHN & CO.

383 Fifth Avenue
Chicago, - Illinois

Creators of the world-renowned Harvard Clothes for boys.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

When a lamp-chimney breaks it means a loss, not only of the chimney, but of the use of the lamp.

Sometimes that inconvenience amounts to ten times the value of any lamp-chimney.

When my name, Macbeth, is on a lamp-chimney it says, "This chimney will not break from heat."

If you would be sure of always getting the right chimney, have my book. Free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

FOR YOUR BOY



Give him this great boys' magazine. It will quicken his wit, teach him how to think and act for himself, help him in his school work.

The American Boy

Fine stories by noted boys' authors, articles on popular science, practical things for boys to do and make. All finely illustrated. Send \$1.00 for a full year.

Give him a Magazine of his own
SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
96 Majestic Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich.

SHIBBOLETH NECKWEAR



Made from quality silks of the latest fashion, woven on "OUR OWN LOOMS" would cost you \$5 to \$15 in stores. We sell them "DIRECT" to you "FROM WEAVER TO WEARER" at \$2.00 the half dozen, postage paid. We back up our SCARFS and SHIRTS with the **SHIBBOLETH GUARANTEE** "Money immediately refunded upon return of the item—plus your mailing out—iff for any reason at all you do not wish to retain them." **FANCY SILK NECKWEAR** Our handsome striped figured patterns in every shade imaginable, fashioned into our "Cambridge," a full, folded, open end four-in-hand. (See cut.) Or in our "Wisconsin," a reversible—wearable both sides. Mention color preference and whether stripe or figure is desired. **SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.** 411 Broadway, New York. Send money order, check or two-cent stamps. Write for full and complete catalogue L.

Arithmetic Made Easy



for anyone with a set of Arithmetic Help. Any and all examples and problems in arithmetic, from the easiest to the hardest, are worked out and explained so anyone can understand. For the student or business man. Easy and simple. 2 volumes, 620 pages; over 200 illustrations and color plates; bound in red silk cloth. Most complete ever published. A \$2 bill brings a set prepaid anywhere. Send for a set. If not pleased return at our expense and get your money back. Order today. **Standard Sales Co., 20 Fifth Ave., Chicago.**

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

to ripple the most sensitive memory. Then the whimsical Fates do something different, find it interesting, and proceed to do something else. So, though Timmins had been accustomed all his life to managing bulls, good-tempered and bad-tempered alike, and had never had the ugliest of them presume to turn upon him, he was not astonished now by the apparition of Smith's bull, a wide-horned, cargo-red, white-faced Hereford, charging down upon him in thunderous fury from behind a poplar thicket. In a flash he remembered that the bull, which was notoriously murderous in temper, had been turned out into that pasture to act as guardian to Smith's flocks. There was not a tree near big enough for refuge. There was not a stick big enough for a weapon. And he could not bring himself to shoot so valuable a beast as this fine thoroughbred. "Shucks!" he muttered in deep disgust. "I might 'a' knowed it!" Dropping Lone Wolf's chain, he ran forward, waving his arms and shouting angrily. But that red onrushing bulk was quite too dull-witted to understand that it ought to obey. It was in the mood to charge an avalanche. Deeply humiliated, Timmins hopped aside, and reluctantly ran for the woods, trusting to elude his pursuer by timely dodging.

Hitherto Lone Wolf had left all cattle severely alone, having got it somehow into his head that they were more peculiarly under man's protection than the sheep. Now, however, he saw his duty—and duty is often a very well-developed concept in the brain of dog and wolf. His ears flattened, his eyes narrowed to flaming green slits, his lips wrinkled back till his long white fangs were clean bared, and without a sound he hurled himself upon the red bull's flank. Looking back over his shoulder, Timmins saw it all. It was as if all his life Lone Wolf had been killing bulls, so unerring was that terrible chopping snap at the great beast's throat. Far forward, just behind the bull's jaws, the slashing fangs caught. And Timmins was astounded to see the bull, checked in mid-rush, plunge staggering forward upon his knees. From this position he abruptly rolled over upon his side, thrown by his own impetus, combined with a dexterous twist of his opponent's body. Then Lone Wolf bounded backward, and stood expectant, ready to repeat the attack if necessary. But it was not necessary. Slowly the great red bull arose to his feet, and stared about him stupidly. Then he swayed and collapsed. And Lone Wolf, wagging his tail like a dog, went back to Timmins's side for congratulations.

THE woodsman gazed ruefully at his slain foe. Then he patted his defender's head, recovered the chain with a secure grip, and said slowly:

"I reckon, partner, ye did yer dooty as ye seen it, an' mebbe I'm beholden to ye fer a bul' skin, fer that there crittur was sartainly amazin' ugly an' spy on his pins. But ye're goin' to be a responsibility some. Ye ain't no suckin' lamb to hev' aroun' the house, I'm thinkin'."

To these remarks, which he judged from their tone to be approving, Lone Wolf wagged assent; and the homeward journey was continued. Timmins went with his head down, buried in thought. All at once, coming to a convenient log, he seated himself, and made Lone Wolf lie down at his feet. Then he took out the remaining sandwich—which he himself, still shaken from his fall, had no desire to eat—and contemplatively, in small fragments, he fed it to the wolf's great blood-stained jaws. At last he spoke, with the finality of one whose mind is quite made up.

"Partner," said he, "there ain't no help for it. Bill Smith's a-goin' to hold me responsible for the killin' o' that there crittur o' his'n, an' that means a pretty penny, it bein' a thoroughbred, an' imported at that. He ain't never a-goin' to believe but what I let you loose onto him a purpose, jest to save my hide! Shucks! Moreover, ye may's well realize y'ain't popular 'round these parts; an' first thing, when I wasn't lookin', somebody'd be a-puttin' somethin' on healthy into yer vittles, partner! We've kind o' took to each other, you an' me; an' I reckon we'd git on together fine, me always havin' me own way, of course. But there ain't no help for it. We're too hefty a proposition, by long odds, fer a community like Lost Mountain Settlement. I'm a-goin' to write right off to Silsby & Hopkins, an' let them have ye back, partner. An' I reckon the price they'll pay'll be enough to let me square myself with Bill Smith."

AND thus it came about that, within a couple of weeks, Lone Wolf and Toomey were once more entertaining delighted audiences, while the settlement of Lost Mountain—with Timmins's prestige established beyond assault—relapsed into its uneventful quiet.

Something New

THE POWDER THAT SHORTENS THE SHAVE

COLGATE'S

ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

SOFTENING SOOTHING SANITARY

Fresh soap with every shave. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again. No rubbing soap on face, no making lather in cup.

The cleanest and quickest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous shaving stick.

Proved antiseptic and germicidal by chemists' analyses

Trial Box Sent for 4 cts.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. W, 55 John St., New York



While the Fireman Swings his Ax

is no time to begin to wonder if your insurance is all right. You should know now. Don't put off a day looking up your policies. If they are in the Hartford don't worry. For 99 years it has promptly paid every honest loss. If not in the Hartford and they are to expire soon—as a reminder just make a note on the margin like this

Insure in the Hartford
Agents Everywhere

The Stationery of a Gentleman

Old Hampshire Bond

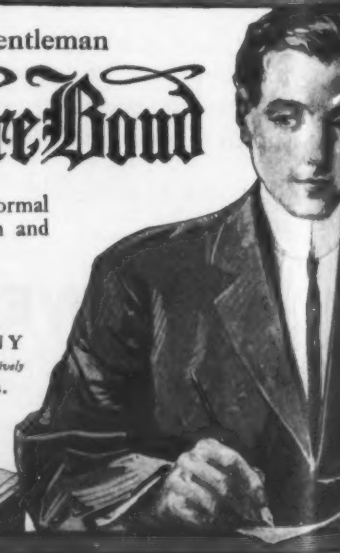
in boxed form for men's social and formal correspondence. A paper of distinction and character, correct in every detail.

Not the soft, flimsy sheets "made-to-sell," but a paper worthy of representing you.

Ask your Dealer—Write us for Sample

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY

The Only Paper Makers in the World Making Bond Paper Exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Mass.



IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Everything the Big Car Has Save Size



4 CYLINDERS
20 H. P.
SLIDING GEARS
BOSCH MAGNETO

\$750

Hupmobile

Until the Hupmobile came, nobody had built a little car which was just as good as the best big car made.

The man who bought a roadster or runabout knew that he wasn't getting the same sort of engineering skill, workmanship and material that he got in the fine large cars.

But the Hupmobile has changed all that.

If the makers of the best and costliest big cars in the country decided to market a moderate priced roadster they wouldn't produce a better car than the Hupmobile—because they couldn't.

Their pride in their fine workmanship is no greater than our pride in ours.

What they give you on a large scale the Hupmobile gives you on a small scale.

It isn't a little car masquerading as a big one.

It's a small car which is just as good in every detail as the best big one.

The power plant is just as perfect.

It's not as large as some others—but if you examine it with the experienced eye of a critical engineer you won't find it one whit inferior.

It will do the uttermost that a perfect power plant can do in proportion to its size.

Its 20 horse-power is not mythical—the 20 horse-power is there whenever and wherever you want or need it.

It is a perfect little glutton for hills and high grades. You can't discourage it any more than you can discourage the finest other motors of twice the horse-power rating.

And what's true of the motor is true of every other feature in the construction.

You'll search in vain for anything inferior—for any one part in the chassis that doesn't match the same part in a costlier car in every thing but size.

Where will you see a sturdier, stronger, pressed steel frame, stancher axles (fit for a car twice its weight) or a more noiseless system of sliding gears?

And what other roadster compares with it in snap, style, and elegance of appearance—what big car, speaking proportionately, is more distinguished?

Success has come to the Hupmobile in overflowing measure. In every community it has hosts of friends and its appearance on the streets is followed by a chorus of admiring comments.

Ask your Hupmobile dealer to demonstrate its splendid speed, power and smooth running capacities and you'll be charmed with its performance.

And write for the literature describing the 1910 car.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE—4 cyl., 20 H. P., $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. bore, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. stroke; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.
TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gears, shifting without noise.
CLUTCH—Multiple disc type, running in oil.
REAR AXLE—Shaft drive.
BRAKES—Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.

IGNITION—Bosch high tension magneto.
TIRES—30 x 3 inches.
WHEEL BASE—86 inches.
TREAD—56 inches.
SPRINGS—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.
EQUIPMENT—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.
WEIGHT—1100 lbs., regular equipment.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. T, Detroit, Mich.



POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

Painted by Walter Whitehead for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1909 by Cream of Wheat Company